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Key of the Sunken Moon - Volume 03

Chapter 01-04

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Fan Tong's Foreword

On January 15, 2016, Posted by [a giraffe](#) , In [Chen Yue Zhi Yao](#), By [chenyuezhiyao](#),[novels](#),[shuiquan](#) , With [3 Comments](#)

People often revisit the past to sort out their memories in order to avoid forgetting things. A person of my nature also has this good habit.

Before looking backwards, I'll greet everyone first. Hello everybody!

Now then, the years flew by in a blur, time marched on in an unforgiving manner, and before I knew it, many long years have passed... Actually, not much time has passed at all. In the end, we're still stuck on the mission of killing chickens and plucking their feathers. Of course, my name hasn't changed in this short amount of time either; I'm still called Fan Tong.

Now for my routine advertisement for a girlfriend. I'm still the same as before. I'm an honest and sincere person who doesn't have any bad habits. I've never gambled, smoked, or drank. If a kind, considerate, and gentle young miss who could ignore my speech problem could come along and marry me despite my faults, I would be extremely happy. Her appearance and social standing wouldn't matter, I only look at what's on the inside. Of course, if a beautiful girl passed by me on the road, I still wouldn't be able to resist looking back at her a few times.

Hey hey, what do you mean Yue Tui fits my requirements very well! Please, the most basic requirement among all those is that my marriage partner is a "girl!" I only want a girl, anything else is impossible! Men and transsexuals are out of the question! She must also be human!

Ahem. In these few weeks, besides killing chickens, we've done many other things. For example, we attended school, ate, and toured around Shen Wang Dian... The most heart-breaking thing out of all of those was when we went to buy weapons. Yue Tui and I now both have weapons, but I don't feel happy about it at all. My life in this world is filled with despair.

Now that I've also been declared hopeless in Fuzhou, can anyone tell me exactly what I can rely on to become stronger? How am I going to find my place in the Eastern City and become a respected man now? I have no money, no

power, and no woman. I'm nearly a destitute man. In the end, what is my reason to continue living? Why should I struggle not to die? I even have a huge debt on my head. Right now, I just need a friend to pat me on the shoulder and tell me, "Fan Tong, you need to be strong and keep on living. We really need you." Unfortunately! I don't have anyone at my side at the moment.

Can anyone tell me what that thing was? We were all collecting chicken feathers, but then that strange thing suddenly appeared and scattered everyone. I have no idea what happened and I don't know where I am right now. Moreover, I seem to have lost my Fuzhou communication charm as well.

I wonder if this is a good time to carry out the plan I was thinking about before we left? I commit suicide and abandon Puhahaha—that is, my unremarkable mop (I really don't want to call it my weapon)—then I can conveniently return to the rebirth pond and not have to worry about being lost. It's just that, if I go down like that, my debt will reach as high as the sky and I won't be able to repay it this whole lifetime.

Yue Tui! Zhu Sha! Where are you? I'd be happy even if Luo Shi were the one to drop out of the sky right now! This place doesn't look like a great place to be lost in. What am I going to do if some beast shows up? Someone, quickly save me! Right now, the only thing accompanying me is that unreliable mop, although it still insists on being called a horsetail whisk. In short, sigh, I have no one to depend on.

All right, let's see how unfortunate I can be. I really haven't given up on my life! I just... got so used to saying the opposite of what I really meant that even my thoughts have been jumbled. That's all really.

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The term is supposed to be 青平風暴 (qīng píng fēng bào), which translates to “a teal storm from the plains.” Fan Tong misheard it as 青萍疯豹 (qīng píng fēng bào), which translates to “a crazy, apple green leopard.” As one can see, the two terms have the same pronunciation, hence why Fan Tong misheard it.

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3 Comments so far:



1. *i* says:

[January 23, 2016 at 4:03 pm](#)

Wouldn't that translate to windstorm from the cyan lands?

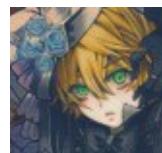
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o *Nannyn* says:

[March 14, 2016 at 11:42 pm](#)

Well, it's described as a natural phenomenon in the next chapter, so I think it's only a description term used for storms. Similar to how we sometimes refer to storms as El Niño or La Niña. In any case, we'll just be leaving it as "Qing Ping Storm."

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2. *teckie* says:

[January 16, 2016 at 12:19 pm](#)

lol xD that last part... that' so sad xD

thanks for the chapter!! :D

[Reply](#)

Chapter 1: Unexpected Guest

On February 2, 2016, Posted by [a giraffe](#) , In [Chen Yue Zhi Yao](#), By [chenyuezhiyao](#),[novels](#),[shuiquan](#) , With [12 Comments](#)

“Your teachers should have taught you to mercilessly slaughter people from Luo Yue whenever you see them, but you didn’t listen! You didn’t listen!” – Luo Shi

“I think Luo Yue’s teachers also teach this kind of thing...” – Fan Tong

A boy and a girl were up in a tree, and a miserable wail alerted the group of beasts under the tree to the location of their prey. The situation was out of control.

However, that was the situation three minutes ago. Presently, the young man had left the safety of the tree and cleanly killed all of the beasts in order to escape from the incomprehensible and unacceptably awkward situation. That person was still in a bit of a trance; his brain felt like it had yet to start working correctly again.

The young woman jumped down from the tree and very quickly helped him recall what had happened a moment ago, bringing his mind back from its violent combative haze.

“Yue Tui, you really are very strong. Ah, you killed so many beasts in such a short time...” Zhu Sha looked around at all the beast corpses, a little surprised.

For a while, Yue Tui did not know where to look. Just a few minutes ago, Zhu Sha had changed into a woman – a beautiful woman with long hair and a graceful figure. It... seemed like it had happened when they’d climbed up the tree?

Disregarding whether or not he was used to talking to girls, he had just seen his originally male friend suddenly change into a female. For Yue Tui to adapt quickly would be a little difficult. Moreover, according to what Zhu Sha had said before, it seemed “she” could still change back to a “he.” In the end, should he

be considered a boy or a girl? What kind of situation was this? What should Yue Tui do?!

Seemingly not noticing Yue Tui's pale face, Zhu Sha quickly lost interest in the beast corpses and walked over to him. However, as soon as she'd move forward a step, Yue Tui would retreat a step, and when she'd take another step forward, Yue Tui would retreat another step...

"Yue Tui, what are you doing?" Zhu Sha grumbled resentfully, not understanding why he was backing away. She was dissatisfied because she knew she couldn't do anything about it if Yue Tui didn't want her to get any closer, as his speed was at a level she couldn't hope to match. "Zhu Sha, you, you... In the end, are you..." In a trembling voice, Yue Tui tried to ask her, but he still wasn't sure he wanted to know the answer to that question.

"Isn't my appearance the only thing that's changed?" Zhu Sha said, her tone of voice clearly conveying that she thought her change was a common occurrence and therefore nothing to be concerned about.

A female appearance? A male appearance? Hearing Zhu Sha talk about it before was one thing, but...

While Yue Tui was still struggling to process those words, Zhu Sha took the opportunity to walk up to Yue Tui, who had turned pale with fright, and grabbed his arm.

"I only changed into a woman. I was just curious what would happen if I did. Look at me, ok~~?" Clinging to his arm, Zhu Sha looked at him with bright, shining eyes, sounding a bit like a spoiled child when she spoke. This caused Yue Tui to break out in cold sweat.

No, not all people can suddenly change their gender, ack – th-there's no need to stand so close to me! He felt bewildered, his brain still unable to process the situation. If nothing changed, his heart really wouldn't be able to take it anymore, so he had to immediately find a way to get the world to make sense again.

"You, you, first change back into a boy!" If a girl continued hugging him, Yue Tui's mind would remain a mess.

After Zhu Sha had changed into a girl, her attitude also seemed to have changed a little. Originally, as a boy, he hadn't liked to snuggle up close to Yue Tui like this.

"Why?" she asked.

Now that Zhu Sha had changed into a girl, however, he needed to get to the heart of the matter, since he couldn't conveniently disappear. "Because like this, talking to you is very difficult! Like this, like this, it's very strange..."

"Then, you should also change into a girl. Would that work?"

"It's not possible for me to do that kind of thing!"

"Not possible? Don't tell me there's a problem with your body?"

Zhu Sha was puzzled. Then, as if she was doing something that was completely socially acceptable, she reached into Yue Tui's clothes to see if she could find the "problem."

Yue Tui couldn't help shrieking loudly. "Waaaah!" Automatically responding to the "crisis" his subconscious had detected, he instinctively hit her on the head and knocked her out. His hand moved so fast that Zhu Sha didn't even have time to utter a sound, and she immediately collapsed onto him. After being knocked out, however, Zhu Sha remained a girl, which was problematic.

Just as Yue Tui became upset about the trouble he had brought upon himself, he suddenly realized what he had done. "Ah..." His face went through many expressions as he looked at the unconscious Zhu Sha. He felt that he couldn't stay here, but he absolutely couldn't leave Zhu Sha either. After hesitating for a short while, he could only compromise and carry his unconscious companion with him.

"Ling Shi Gege, are we still going to wait here for Yin Shi to meet up with us?" Although she had heard the conversation a moment ago, Bi Rou still wanted to confirm their plan. After all, Yin Shi's words could not be relied on. He could very easily say "west" when he meant to say "east," but Ling Shi seemed to understand Yin Shi a certain amount due to spending a lot of time around him. Therefore, if Ling Shi decided to wait here longer, he probably wouldn't be

wrong.

“Yes. As the only just passed, the surrounding airflow is still unstable. We can’t determine his exact location right now. Although he should be able to locate us no matter where we are, it’s still best not to run off.” Ling Shi answered her question and even explained his answer.

At that moment, Cute Girl A asked curiously, “Lord Ling Shi, may I ask what the Qing Ping Storm is?” It was a term none of them had heard before. Judging from how Ling Shi’s expression had flipped, it must be something rather dangerous. Therefore, they naturally wanted to know more about it.

Just a moment ago, when they’d encountered the Qing Ping Storm, Ling Shi had reacted quickly to protect them. All they knew was that he had used Fuzhou to form a protective barrier around them, and when he’d finally removed the barrier, they’d been transported to an entirely different area. They didn’t understand what actually happened at all.

“It’s somewhat like an unusual geographic phenomenon.” Ling Shi naturally had an answer to an intellectual question like that . “It mainly occurs within the borders of Eastern City’s territory. It’s a large-scale sandstorm that often combines with broken rock and discharges electrical currents, causing considerable destruction to the land it sweeps over... If swept up in the storm, people with a purple tassel or lower will die unless they are extremely lucky. Qing Ping Storms move very fast and their trajectory is unpredictable. People who get caught up in them can be dumped anywhere, which is why we were scattered just now.”

In other words, if they hadn’t had Ling Shi’s protection, those few girls were afraid that they would have died. Cute Girl B felt fear in the pit of her stomach. “Fortunately, we have Lord Ling Shi here, so it seems like only Fan Tong ran into trouble. We were really lucky.”

If Fan Tong had been present, he would have inevitably protested that sentiment. Why should one person bear the burden for an entire group’s bad luck?

“It’s not good luck. That Qing Ping Storm normally only appears in more dangerous areas, but the one just now appeared in a place like Resource Area

2..." Ling Shi concluded. "Perhaps it's because I used the jade plate too much."

That jade plate... What was it exactly? To give off so much energy to have influenced the weather? The three girls remained silent when Ling Shi reached this conclusion until Yin Shi's flustered voice came through their communication charms.

"Ah! Ling Shi! Where is this?! I've been separated from you guys and I have no idea where I am!" No one knew what to say in response.

"What do your surroundings look like?" Ling Shi asked patiently.

"About that... There are all sorts of things near me. The Qing Ping Storm that swept through was very strong; I killed all those beasts, but I can't find their bodies. Where should I go?"

Even if the corpses were still there, considering his original twisting route and the method used to kill them, Ling Shi was not confident he could find the correct route, even if he tried to retrace his path.

"You know that the Qing Ping Storm sweeps people away; are we still on our original path?"

"Ah! Old man! How could you kidnap Xiao Rou and the others, and then make the Qing Ping Storm carry them all over the place?! Why are you not on our original path waiting for me?" He once again made an unreasonable request. Moreover, Ling Shi was obviously the one who stayed on their original path, but Yin Shi still couldn't find them; nevertheless, he had the nerve to criticize Ling Shi.

"I don't want to bother with you." Ling Shi said as his patience had officially run out.

"Eh? You don't want to bother with me? But I want to go find Xiao Rou! So, what am I supposed to do?!"

"Why don't you use your love to find her then? If you aren't able to find her, then that just means your love wasn't strong enough in the first place. Goodbye." After he finished speaking, Ling Shi bluntly cut off his group communication channel. Yin Shi apparently continued to sob to Bi Rou about Ling Shi's heartlessness, but it didn't matter because he wasn't there to hear it,

and as such had nothing to do with the ensuing conversation.

“Xiao Rou, my heart feels so cold, my legs ache, I’m so tired...”

“Yin Shi, can you ignore it?”

If he was able to hear Bi Rou, it meant that Yin Shi was still acting pitiful. Ling Shi glanced over at her, and spoke without thinking through what he was about to say. “Ignore him. He’s the only one who didn’t catch up by the Qing Ping Storm, so what could he possibly do to help us?”

“Xiao Rou! Xiao Rou! Talking to you, but not being able to be with you at your side. I feel as though I could die.”

“No, I don’t want you to die! Yin Shi, don’t die!”

“...” Since it seemed like they were amusing themselves, Ling Shi did not feel inclined to interrupt and destroy the bubble they’ve created amongst themselves.

The Qing Ping Storm had swept through the surrounding area, and as a result, there was sand everywhere... On the ground and in the air, making them incapable of seeing what lay ahead further away. A large stone sheltered them. Ling Shi had effortlessly kept up the Fuzhou barrier, making the area in their immediate vicinity clear. They couldn’t see their surroundings, though.

Even though unable to see clearly, sensing life forms was not a problem for Ling Shi. When he felt someone that was not a beast approaching, Ling Shi immediately stood in front of Bi Rou and the others to shield them, causing them to look towards him in confusion. “There’s an enemy,” he explained.

“An enemy?” This answer was simple, but they still didn’t understand. Ling Shi smiled a little, and his eyes looked ready for battle. “It’s some Luo Yue trash.”

Walking in the sand-filled environment, although everyone was unhappy, these few people were especially displeased.

“As I said, I simply do not want to be here on this damn mission. This damn Ye Zhi! Just by walking around here, we ran into that stupid, weird weather phenomenon!”

From the group came the voice of a relatively short, young man. From the terrible look on his face, it was obvious that his temper was on the edge of blowing up. It seemed that when it came to dealing with his violent temper, his companions were already used to it. Only a few of the people who were accompanying him shrank back in fear, afraid that he would take out his anger on his subordinates.

Judging from their attire, language, and looks, they were definitely visitors from the Western City – even though no one had invited them. In order to keep a ‘low profile’, they were wearing simple clothes as a disguise instead of wearing Western City’s clothes. However, the Western City’s clothes and the Eastern City’s had always been two different styles, no matter how simple or elaborate they were. Despite their simple clothing, it was easy to tell that they were from the Western City.

“Yiye, do you see any chickens? After that strange storm swept through, I haven’t seen a single living creature besides us...” the blond man walking ahead of him looked over his shoulder and asked the violent teenager.

If Yin Shi were here, he would probably point at them and yell, “Long time no see,” and then the blond man’s face would immediately look like he encountered someone who owed him millions of strings of money. Though, it was no wonder he wore an ugly expression when looking at Yin Shi, even though he usually used a very neutral face when talking to other people.

“Right now, who has the leisure time to look for chickens!?” Yiye glared and snarled at him, a murderous expression on his face. It was really a pity that the people around him were all his comrades, which meant he couldn’t kill them.

Actually, in Yiye’s mind, it wasn’t that he couldn’t kill them. Rather it was because killing them wouldn’t be a good thing, so he just didn’t bother.

“We came to kill chickens and pluck their feathers. In that case, isn’t it important to actually find the chickens?” the blonde man earnestly asked in reply, causing Yiye’s eyes to take on a more ominous glint.

“This order is extremely stupid! Englar must have fallen down and knocked his head or something! He wants feathers for his pillow, so he sent the Magic Sword Guards to Ye Zhi to kill chickens? Acting willfully has to have a limit! If he wants

to send us out, he needs to find a better reason!” Yiye angrily ranted.

Yiye had a tendency to get angry without provocation at any given time, but this time, his troops all silently agreed with him. The reason they had to come here was quite ridiculous.

The Western City’s Young Emperor was there, and directly following him in rank were the Council of Elders and the five Magic Sword Guards. The Magic Sword Guards were responsible for the Young Emperor’s safety, and therefore had a very high status. Logically speaking, the Magic Sword Guards and the Council of Elders were too high in rank to be randomly dispatched on missions. However, they had been ordered to go to the Eastern City’s territory just to kill chickens and collect their feathers... All on the Young Emperor’s whim. The Young Emperor had causally ordered them: “I hear Ye Zhi’s land has chicken feathers that make good pillows. Set out today and bring some back for me... Please.”

When they received that kind of order, every single one among them felt as though a black cloud had appeared over their heads. Plucking chicken feathers?! He dispatched the Magic Sword Guards to the enemy’s territory to pluck... Chicken! Feathers! To. Make. A. Pillow?! The shame didn’t end there as this mission wasn’t even kept secret and the Emperor directly announced his orders while addressing the entire country. This made the Western City’s citizens gossip continuously while speculating what the emperor’s intentions could possibly be. His actions were clearly and deliberately aimed at alienating the Magic Sword Guards, suggesting that their respected positions were not the same as before.

Or was it because he wanted to send away the small force and take the opportunity to do something in their absence?

Or as Yiye would say, was it just because the Young Emperor had hit his head too hard and wanted a soft pillow?

Regardless of the reason, because they felt the Emperor was playing with them, the guards weren’t too happy. Their so-called ruler’s way of thinking was simply too hard to understand. He often acted as if he thought everyone else’s minds were as strange as his. This meant his personal guards had to wrack their heads every time to understand his orders, sometimes the process made them

want to vomit blood in frustration. They had no choice but to obey his orders and set off, playing the situation by ear.

Regardless of the Young Emperor's intentions, gathering chicken feathers and bringing them back hardly caused any harm. Although the Young Emperor's command was for all five members of the Magic Sword Guards to leave, only three had actually gone on the mission. Of the two that didn't come, one was well-known for coming down with debilitating colds and had requested leave due to another bout of illness. The other person had been out of the city for a while already, so no one could contact him with the order.

"We can't be rude to His Majesty. His Majesty's thought processes are indeed profound, we shouldn't look only at the surface," the blond man said, resolutely scolding his companion for his irreverent words. The troops under their command remained silent. Yiye used a "there's no saving this guy" expression to look at him.

"You're the emperor's slave! You might as well have stayed behind in the Western City to lick Englar's shoes!"

"You can't call out His Majesty's name directly like that! And even if you say that, didn't you come along on this mission in the end as well?"

The Council of Elders could be considered equal in rank to them, so if the elders gave them an order, they could set it aside and ignore it. The Young Emperor's orders, however, were different. Regardless of whether the Council used the Young Emperor as a figurehead, as long as he held the title of Western City's ruler, he commanded the entire nation, and that included the Magic Sword Guards. It was fine if Yiye didn't call him by his title of 'Young Emperor', but calling him the same thing that the enemy country called him was something he couldn't do too many times, since he still had to pay attention to propriety. However, it seemed like if he received too many commands like the chicken feather mission, he might actually commit treason.

"... Do you want to die?" So, when Yiye looked at the blond man with chilling eyes, the troops all broke out in cold sweat fearing for the blond man's safety, since none of them were confident that Yiye wouldn't attack him. If he were to attack him, Yiye would definitely beat him up. The three gold threads on his belt

weren't fake; he absolutely wouldn't lose to the blond man, who only had two gold threads.

"Right now, we should be looking for chickens and trying to find our missing people." The blonde man didn't consider his threat to be a problem, and remained concentrated on carrying out their 'mission'. Yiye snorted disdainfully, and seemed to have no interest in acting according to his proposal.

Three people from the Magic Sword Guard had come on the mission together, but the third person and his troops had been separated from them when the sandstorm started. Both sides were trying to find each other, but they were unable to use their communication magic at the moment, so their only hope of finding the other party was walking around.

"Yiye, they should be in this direction, why are you walking off in another direction?"

"Looking for fun."

"Looking for fun?"

"Didn't you see that mark in the sky earlier?!" Yiye snorted coldly, and perhaps because he finally found something that interested him, a ghost of a smile appeared on his face. The people of Western City called it his bloodthirsty smile. "Eastern City's Lord Ling Shi must be in the area. As for killing chickens, I'm not interested in that! A duel to the death might not be so bad. If I can't find him, I can at least take care of some Ye Zhi residents."

"Not without permission you won't! If the high-ranked people from Ye Zhi find out that we're here, our mission will be obstructed!"

"Isn't 'killing' the entire reason we came on this mission? It doesn't matter if you won't come with me, but if you dare and try to stop me... I'll cut you open, and when we go back home, we'll see if Englar's willing to use his blood to save you!" Yiye disregarded his companion's advice, and immediately turned to leave. His tendency to ignore what others said regardless of the situation was the same as usual. He had a complete lack of group awareness and never got along well with other people.

"Yiye...! Really now..." The blond man was starting to become frustrated

because he knew there was nothing he could do to stop the other. He had to decide whether he should ignore Yiye or join him in this kind of situation.

“My Lord! There’s a land chicken over there!”

“What? Where? Quickly surround it and kill it! Pluck its feathers! For His Majesty!” Once a chicken entered the picture, he forgot the matter he had been worrying about... Not until the chicken was killed and its feathers plucked did he realize that he could no longer see Yiye.

“...”

Half annoyed and half frantic, the blonde man ordered everyone to chase after Yiye. As for what they would do after they found him... He couldn’t possibly predict what that would be.

Fan Tong was growing tired of listing the number of unfortunate things that had happened from the beginning of the sandstorm up until now. However, it still shouldn’t be the most unfortunate point in his life, as he didn’t clearly understand the situation. Therefore, he still had no idea how unlucky he truly was to have fallen prey to such bad luck this time.

Speaking of which, he didn’t have as much bad luck in his original world, did he? Even if his life was fated to be a tragedy because of the curse, hadn’t he turned his misfortune into a blessing when he used the curse to make his business prosper? At the time, he still had clothes, food, and a moderately wealthy life.

Why then did his life become so completely different when he changed worlds? Was it because there was some rule that after dying once, a person must embark on and live a new life? Who made up that damn rule? So... Did that mean his life right now could be considered the same as reincarnation? In that case, was the fact that he was transported here in his current state, instead of being reborn, a good thing or a bad thing?

“Where in the world am I?! Why am I not alive?”

It should be where in the world am I, why am I not dead. Get it right. Since I have a tendency of being in mortal peril, this kind of situation is abnormal even

for me.

Fan Tong remembered that he had been unconscious for some time, and when he woke up, he was unable to see anyone and felt like he had been thrown into a washing machine and rolled around a few times too many. His appearance was a mess, and it seemed like he should have lost the mop, but no, it was still hanging securely at his waist... Everything bad happened, everything he could think of. If it were not for the fact that the ground under his feet resembled the ground in Resource Area 2, Fan Tong almost believed that he had been swept away to another world. He really was unfortunate. If this kind of thing happened once, it could happen again, so he shouldn't have any hope.

Although... In this world, he had somehow already accumulated a huge debt he needed to pay off. If he went to a different world, he wouldn't need to pay it off anymore, but because of the relationships that he had established with great difficulty, he couldn't just disappear! It had been so difficult to make friends, so he couldn't end his friendships just like that. Moreover, he even had connections to the city's higher-ups. Seeing as he had a small hope of being successful, he couldn't just leave everything behind!

... What small hope of being successful... I'm just trying to console myself!

Fan Tong felt that, since he was letting his imagination run wild and talking to himself, he truly was an idiot. He then decided to think about what he should do next. Everyone was scattered, so the best thing to do would be to return home, then use the Fuzhou communication charm to tell everyone that he was safe. If he stayed in place and passively waited for people to find him, how long would he have to wait? An even more miserable prospect than that was—would they even bother trying to find him? Fan Tong thought that in Yin Shi and Ling Shi's eyes, he was unremarkable, a negligible existence. They wouldn't bother returning to look for him. Bi Rou and the other two cute girls also wouldn't have any reason to come find him, Zhu Sha... would most likely, about the same...

Perhaps the only person who cared about his safety was Yue Tui, but Yue Tui had also come with them to kill chickens today. So, in other words... if he decided to stay here and wait around, he might die of thirst and hunger over the course of three days, then float back to the surface of the rebirth pond, where his legs would cramp from pain and he could die a few more times, and when he finally

stood in front of his companions again, it would go something like the following:

“Why did you abandon me? I waited for you for such a long time!”

“Eh? We thought you had gone somewhere, how come you didn’t return until now?”

Or, even worse... It could also go like this:

“Fan Tong? *Wah!* I almost forgot about you!”

“What? Fan Tong went missing? I didn’t notice.”

And so on...

In order to prevent this kind of humiliation, he could just forget about waiting to be saved. Fan Tong then realized that when he was on his own, it was very easy for his thoughts to become terribly pessimistic. Once he realized this, he really wanted to find the way home himself, though first he needed to find out where he was and which direction he needed to walk in.

Fan Tong did not consider himself someone with a terrible sense of direction. At most, he only got a little turned around, but right now, it didn’t matter whether or not he had a good sense of direction. If anyone could find their way back to their original location after being unexpectedly thrown to a random place, that person couldn’t possibly be normal.

Fan Tong felt that he was definitely a normal person. In other words, he had no way of getting home.

When someone’s in a bind, talking to something would definitely help. For this reason, Fan Tong placed a hand on the mop at his waist. “Hello... Broom, broom.” The mop was now apparently a broom.

Forget it, mops and brooms are similar things. I don’t really care anymore!

“Huh?”

Seems it woke up just now. It’s broad daylight, why are you still asleep?

“Mop. Don’t wake up. No, I mean don’t sleep! Quickly, wake up!”

“Oh... Who are you talking to? I am a horsetail whisk.”

It’s incredibly insistent in saying it’s a horsetail whisk.

“That’s no good! A horsetail whisk is not a horsetail whisk! Anyways, quickly wake up, Puhahaha!”

I need to make something clear. I’m not bursting out into laughter here, I’m just calling its name.

“What problem do you have that you consider important enough to disturb my sleep...” Puhahaha’s tone of voice was that of someone very unwilling to speak, rendering Fan Tong momentarily speechless.

From the time you were created up until now, just how much have you slept? Have you still not had enough?

“Puhahaha, do you know where the road is? I don’t want to go home.”

“If you don’t want to go home, then walking around aimlessly would do the trick.”

That’s not it... By then, Fan Tong was already tired of correcting his own speech inside his head. However, Puhahaha didn’t understand his circumstances and went on talking without paying him any attention.

“Anyway, I’m going back to sleep. I don’t know where we are and I don’t care. I just want to sleep.”

After listening to Puhahaha, Fan Tong suddenly felt that asking the mop for directions was an extremely stupid idea. Moreover, the mop kept on ignoring him. No matter what, he was still Puhahaha’s master. When would he ever gain credibility as its master?

“It seems like I was really lucky this time as I wasn’t killed by that green leopard.” I meant to say that I was horribly unlucky this time. It’d be better if I died. Death would end all my troubles. I can even conveniently abandon this stupid mop. But I didn’t die. Now I can’t go home and I’m considering whether or not I should commit suicide and go back to the rebirth pond.

“What do you mean by lucky? The only reason you’re alive right now is because your companion pushed you out of the center of the storm, allowing you to escape uninjured.” Puhahaha suddenly retorted, startling him a little.

That’s right, someone had indeed pushed me. Who was it? But weren’t you

asleep? How did you know that?

“Fan Tong, there’s an enemy behind you.”

How can you call your master’s name without any honorifics! Wait a second. An enemy? What enemy?!

Fan Tong didn’t know whether he should care more about the fact that there was a threat to his safety or that the mop had been able to sense the enemy before him.

“How do you know it’s not a friend?”

“Your manner of speaking is very awkward.”

It’s not under my control. Even if I wanted to explain my language barrier to you, I don’t know if you can understand written characters, since you don’t seem to have any eyes to read with.

“They have the mark of the Western City. You should be someone from the Eastern City, right? So they’re the enemy.”

Oh... If it’s like that, then it’s really easy to distinguish between enemies and friends.

Slow down. People from the Western City... Wait, not Westerners, but p-p-p- people from the Western City?

“Don’t die. If you die, remember to come back here for me.”

What nonsense! Even if you’re being sincere, I still feel like you’re rejoicing over my misfortune because it doesn’t involve you! Moreover, if I die, then being able to abandon you would be the only consolation I have!

“After we come over here, can’t they prepare? I won’t tell you how to use this broom... horsetail whisk, how to use this horsetail whisk!” Whenever Fan Tong was nervous, the curse acted up even more than usual. His words had turned into a completely incomprehensible mess, even he himself didn’t know what he had intended to say.

“What? Am I still asleep? I don’t understand you at all.”

I’m sorry, this time it’s really not your fault, it’s my problem. But the enemy is

almost here, wah! It seems they've already spotted me! I don't even have time to run away! Don't you dare think of going to sleep! Our fates are tied together! Do you understand? Our fates are tied together!

That seems like a lot of words, but I didn't open my mouth, so Puhahaha didn't hear me at all.

"Puhahaha, how should I use you to fight?!" Fan Tong finally yelled out a correct sentence, but Puhahaha answered him with:

"Puxiu—hu—puxiu—"

Puhahaha was snoring at him.

"..." You seriously fell asleep?! Even if you're still sleepy, don't just go and fall asleep!

When isolated and left without help, people would have to think of ways of saving themselves. However, Fan Tong couldn't think of any way to save his own life. He desperately searched his clothes, but the only thing he found was the blank Fuzhou paper that Ling Shi had given everyone. Staring at the blank piece of paper in his hand, Fan Tong's mind went blank as well. Why did he still have something light and insignificant like Fuzhou paper while the heavier and a hundred-times-more-useful Fuzhou communication charm got lost in the winds? Did the heavens actually want him to die? Whether he could cast Fuzhou or not, having Fuzhou paper was better than not having anything at all. Now he only needed ink and a brush to write the Fuzhou charm. He had paper on hand and managed to find a bottle of ink on him, now he only lacked...

Fan Tong suddenly had an idea and stared down intensely at Puhahaha.

"W-what are you planning?" Probably sensing his burning, vicious gaze, Puhahaha suddenly woke up.

Fan Tong raised the Fuzhou paper in his hand. Puhahaha understood what he was going to do and immediately protested.

"You can't use me to write characters! I am a horsetail whisk, not a writing brush!"

"It doesn't matter if you're a horsetail whisk, a mop, a feather duster, or

whatever! Aren't you all cleaning utensils? Right now, you're the only thing I have on me that can be used, so just obediently become a brush!"

"I have my pride as a horsetail whisk. If you get ink on me, I'll hate you for the rest of my life!"

Is a horsetail whisk really all that amazing? Are you going to die if I use you as a writing brush? Why are you so stingy? Don't you know that it takes considerable skill to write using a horsetail whisk? It's something the average person can't do!

Despite having those thoughts, Fan Tong didn't think it desirable to be hated by his weapon for a whole lifetime. If things turned out badly, Puhahaha might use its hair to strangle him to death one day. To avoid offending his partner, Fan Tong considered dropping the idea, but he looked back at the slowly approaching enemies. The moment they saw him, they had brought out their weapons.

Fan Tong didn't want to be killed so that these people could keep their presence here a secret. His eyes widened in panic. "Hey! Puhahaha, now's not the time to be headstrong. That weapon, it's glowing..." It really was glowing, which meant it was a soul-purging weapon. If he got killed by that...

"Eh?" Puhahaha seemed to waver a little.

"If I'm killed, you'll be abandoned here. Everybody will know about it and some random stranger will pick you up!"

Just who would know about it? And what stranger would ever want to take home a mop! How did my words get flipped into something like that?

"How can I possibly allow that to happen? If my master were to be killed and someone learned of this humiliating matter... And if I were to be picked up by some random stranger... How can I let that happen?"

Ah? Even though my words were flipped, my threat actually worked? Compared to what I wanted to say, what I actually said hit the nail on the head instead? You are worried about saving face? Does that mean I'm better than some random stranger in your mind?

"So, let me use you as a brush—"

“You can’t! I’m not a writing brush! I don’t want to get my hair dirty!”

Why are you so stubborn? Don’t you think that rather than being a mop or a horsetail whisk, being a writing brush is much better?

“Fan Tong, you have one other option.”

“What?”

“Before the enemy kills you with his soul-purging weapon, commit suicide. Your soul won’t be destroyed and you can peacefully return to the rebirth pond. However, you must remember to come back here for me.”

...What wretched bird-brained idea is that?! You would rather your master die than allow ink to touch your hair? It’s not like I’m going to leave you dirty and never wash you clean.

“Hurry up, you have about three minutes to kill yourself. Don’t hesitate, the more you hesitate, the lower your chances will be of doing it successfully.”

Don’t describe suicide as some sort of advantage I would lose! You’re talking as though it’s a simple matter! Tell me how I should go about committing suicide in this kind of place! Should I find a tree and use your hair to hang myself? Is your hair even long enough for that? This is my first time knowing that while stranded alone and unarmed, not only is survival difficult, even killing myself is hard...

“Could it be that you don’t want to contribute your meager strength towards helping me defeat the enemies?” I spoke correctly, but as matters stand, asking the mop to help me fight seems a little too late. Even if it tells me the correct way to use it as a weapon, I won’t have time to learn.

However, Fan Tong secretly hoped that Puhahaha was concealing some extraordinary ability, like hair that could deliver electric shocks, or perhaps some sort of deadly weapon, or maybe it could spray out poison when its handle was rotated.

No matter what, Puhahaha was a mop that cost two hundred strings!

“Humph, I don’t think my strength is meager,” the mop said unhappily.

“But you have a very useful appearance. You are my weapon, yet you’re telling

your master to go and commit suicide? What is this..." What useful appearance, why did my words once again turn into praise? I'm praising him at a time like this, I'm indeed getting the short end of the stick.

"You're a useless master, but I'm the one who decided to follow such a useless master. It seems I should save you."

What? My praise actually worked? No no no, slow down, I have to be saved by a mop? Could I be any more pathetic? What about my dignity? It doesn't really look like it wants to save me. Does that mean all I can do in these three minutes is pray for its charity? Wait a minute, even though it said that, does it really have the ability to save me? Will it teach me the heaven-and-earth-splitting, exceptionally matchless twenty-one mop techniques, allowing me to reach enlightenment and instantaneously become a master who can defeat all of my enemies at once?

...I'm afraid that's just my imagination, how can any of that be possible? I'm just delusional...

"I think people should use their own weapons to fight, and their own talents to keep on living. Forget it, I'm not going to save you."

You really took three minutes to make a decision?! But I think you gave up too abruptly! Does it really not matter to you if a stranger picks you up?

"Even if you want me to fight by myself, I still know how to use a horsetail whisk! I don't even know Wushu!"

"Eh? You know how to use a horsetail whisk? I didn't know that."

You don't know! You don't know? In this world, the only one who knows how to use a horsetail whisk is you, but you don't know that?

"You said you don't know Wushu? But you obviously know some swordsmanship. Why don't you pretend I'm a sword?"

Aren't you going overboard by saying that a mop can be used as a sword? Furthermore... when did I learn swordsmanship? In all my life, the only time I've ever touched a sword was when I went to pick out a weapon. Are you mistaking me for someone else?

“What are you listening to? When did I learn swordsmanship?” *Again, I apparently can’t distinguish the difference between “say” and “listen.”*

“Oh? Is that so? You have memories of fighting with a sword though... Right now, the extent of our harmonization isn’t good. All I can do is help you draw out your memories.”

Huh? What? Slow down! I haven’t agreed to that yet!

It was too late for Fan Tong to protest. An electrical current flowed into him from where his hand was grasping Puhahaha and he felt as if his head was exploding. Immediately, his mind went blank.

After the feeling that he was being possessed by an evil spirit passed, Fan Tong regained consciousness and saw a Western City soldier staring at him in fear, trembling like a leaf.

“D-don’t kill me!”

Eh? Ehh? What? What happened? Would asking him what I did just now be very stupid?

Fan Tong’s face frowned at Puhahaha. He lifted the mop up to his eyes, wanting to examine what he just did. However, the soldier thought he was going to attack and let out a desperate wail as he ran away frantically.

“Hey, hey!”

Although it was good that the threat to his life had disappeared, why was he being treated like a vicious murderer? Was there anyone who could explain what was going on to him? It seemed as though he had become an expert swordsmen a moment ago, but he had lost consciousness while it was happening. Wasn’t this a little too suspicious?

“Look at that, you can actually do something when you put your mind to it. You obviously know swordsmanship, but you still tried to cheat me into saving you.”

Fan Tong felt that being praised by a mop wasn’t anything worth being happy about. He couldn’t even make heads or tails of the situation right now. He

needed to know what happened.

“Puhahaha, what did I do just now... Waaaaaaah!” Fan Tong turned around, trying to get a look at the situation, but he immediately noticed two fresh corpses with their eyes still open at his feet. He screamed and took a few steps back to maintain a good distance from them.

“You killed them, why are you scared?”

I killed them? I killed them! What do you mean I killed them?!

“You’re lying! How can a mop cause those kind of cuts on their bodies?”

“There’s no mop here, only a horsetail whisk.”

I actually wanted to say horsetail whisk, but the curse changed it to mop. The curse must think horsetail whisk and mop are antonyms of each other... but that's not important!

“All right, a horsetail whisk. Regardless of whether it’s mop or horsetail whisk, they aren’t the same! Don’t tell me a horsetail whisk caused those cuts!”

“It’s because I’m not an ordinary horsetail whisk.”

That's right, you are a horsetail whisk that cost two hundred strings. And?

Exactly what caused those cuts in the end? Am I really the one who killed them? Mom! I killed people! I actually killed people! Why did it turn out like this? Although compared to being killed, killing people is slightly better...

“Oh, are they New Residents? They’ll return to the rebirth pond, right?”

Perhaps because he longed to be free of the guilt of this evil crime, Fan Tong’s question came out correctly.

That's right. Even though they carried soul-purging weapons, I noticed that they were New Residents before I lost consciousness. Luo Yue's New Residents are allowed to carry soul-purging weapons? Is there a special reason for that?

Just as Fan Tong was comforting himself, Puhahaha rained on his parade.

“That’s impossible.”

...Why? Don't tell me it's because they died within the Eastern City's territory? That's not right, I remember someone saying that as long as a

person's body has the Eastern City's mark, they'll return to the Eastern City's rebirth pond regardless of where they die. Shouldn't it stand to reason that Luo Yue is the same?

"Because," Puhahaha's said merrily, "I'm a soul-purging weapon."

With an exceedingly cheerful voice, Puhahaha dropped an unexpected bomb on Fan Tong.

◎ Fan Tong's Afterword

No! Goddamn it! Puhahaha, are you really a soul-purging weapon? Why didn't you tell me earlier? That means I really killed them! I was supposed to be an ordinary citizen not involved in any worldly affairs, why did this have to happen to me?! Indeed, I bought a weapon that cost two hundred strings. Even if I didn't pay the two hundred strings myself, it's still two hundred strings. I wanted it to have some special ability, but I didn't want this kind of illegal special ability that would cause harm to innocent people!

The Eastern City's law clearly states that New Residents cannot use soul-purging weapons. Am I going to be arrested for this? But I did it unknowingly, I'm innocent! Puhahaha set me up, this heartless mop!

Didn't Luo Shi say that soul-purging weapons can't speak? That's right, only self-aware weapons can speak! Moreover, Puhahaha doesn't glow. Could Puhahaha simply be messing with me? Could it be pretending to be a soul-purging weapon to raise its own status? Should I find someone to appraise it? No, I can't get someone to appraise it. If Puhahaha turns out to be a soul-purging weapon, I'd be in big trouble. That won't do!

Ahhhhhhh! Did I kill them or not? Damn it! This is all Puhahaha's fault, now I don't even remember the other things I should be focusing on instead!

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青平风暴, lit. teal-colored storm from the plains.

← [Fan Tong's Foreword Chapter 2: The Magic Sword Guards of Luo Yue's Young Emperor](#) →

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12 Comments so far:



1. *PumpkinPie* says:

[April 4, 2016 at 12:13 am](#)

Oh my. OH MY. Did not see that coming.

Fan Tong, how do you know how swordmanship? Now I need to re-read some chapters to remember what little we know about his sealed memory, I recall he met someone in a dream/when he apparently died?

Many, many new questions arise....

And Puhahaha, a soul purging weapon? (now imagine an almighty mop...)

Thank you so much for the chapter!

[Reply](#)

o *mir* says:

[April 7, 2016 at 3:35 am](#)

If you find any clues, could you reply to me with them?
I'm going to reread too, but just in case I miss them

[Reply](#)



2. *Ton* says:

[April 2, 2016 at 10:49 am](#)

Oho i am really curious about fan tong having memories of using a sword. He was an ordinary fortune teller how could he know how to use a sword?

[Reply](#)



3. *teckie* says:

[April 2, 2016 at 3:15 am](#)

mai gawd. MAI GAWD. SO THAT'S THE EVOLUTION OF A MOP.

and... it seems the memories fan tong is lacking are the true key of this story!!

thanks for the amazing chapter!

[Reply](#)



4. *mir* says:

[March 31, 2016 at 6:10 am](#)

Fan Tong telling himself “Get it right.” lol

Thanks a bunch for the translation~

[Reply](#)



5. *teckie* says:

[March 15, 2016 at 9:32 pm](#)

I feel like this situation might become a bloody mess, and fan tong will getbtrapped in the middle xD also to count not to have lost the mop as bad luck... as expected of him, lol.

thanks for the update!

[Reply](#)



6. *Alkanyseus* says:

[February 23, 2016 at 10:32 pm](#)

Thanks

[Reply](#)



7. *shay* says:

[February 23, 2016 at 1:19 pm](#)

:) good novel ^^ thanks for translating.

[Reply](#)



8. *teckie* says:

[February 2, 2016 at 1:39 am](#)

yay! thanks for the chapter! \(`▽`)/ this made me laugh so hard xD so yue tui is afraid of women, LOL

also, found a leetle typo~

Lin Shi smiled a little, and his eyes looked ready for battle. “It’s some Luo Yue trash.”

→ Ling shi

[Reply](#)

◦ *a giraffe* says:

[February 2, 2016 at 11:09 pm](#)

Thanks for catching that! Fixed!

[Reply](#)



9. *Brass* says:

[February 2, 2016 at 12:58 am](#)

Eh, no luck of Fang Tong chancing upon them and accidentally stumble to strip all the guys naked?

[Reply](#)

- *Irid* says:

[March 21, 2016 at 6:19 am](#)

Too bad it isn't that kind of novel ;)

[Reply](#)

Chapter 2: The Magic Sword Guards of Luo Yue's Young Emperor

On May 1, 2016, Posted by [a giraffe](#) , In [Chen Yue Zhi Yao](#), By [chenyuezhiyao](#), [novels](#), [shuiquan](#) , With [12 Comments](#)

“What are the Magic Sword Guards?” —Zhu Sha

“Ah, it’s probably a harem.” —Yin Shi

“Eek!” —Yue Tui

“Absolutely. Not.” —Yiye

Standing on the yellow earth beneath the cloudy sky, accompanied by the corpses of the two people he had allegedly killed, Fan Tong rigidly conducted an intense staring contest with his weapon. Correction, as he didn’t know exactly where Puhahaha’s eyes were, Fan Tong was staring at its... whatever.

A million different thoughts tumbled through his head, but he couldn’t utter even a single word. He felt like he was about to explode. Perhaps the situation was too absurd, his expressions twisted and turned, but still nothing came out of his mouth.

After a long while, when faint snoring could be heard from Puhahaha, Fan Tong finally asked in a trembling voice, “You... You are not a soul-purging weapon! Is this a trick? You didn’t glow and you can’t speak, how do you explain that?” His words became a hideous mess again.

“I am a soul-purging weapon. I can clearly speak. I’m not glowing now, but I was just a moment ago. In short, be careful when you use me, and don’t hit yourself.” Puhahaha seemed a bit impatient with his reply.

You are trying to trick me, right? This is all a lie, right? Moreover, just now, I hadn’t caught how the mop attacks, so could it be that even a light sweep to the head from it will damage the soul?!

“How can you sometimes glow and sometimes don’t? Can’t you control it?

Aren't soul-purging weapons always glowing?"

"Humph. This horsetail whisk is not an ordinary horsetail whisk, I've already said that several times."

This has nothing to do with you being a horsetail whisk, okay?

"Of course the glow of the soul-purging force is controllable, but our souls aren't linked yet, and our harmonization isn't good enough, so I'm in control of it right now."

Put this way, it would be better for me if our relationship improves. But... the whole thing about linked souls, harmonization, and whatnot... I would prefer my partner to be a beautiful woman if we're going to use those kind of words! Why does it have to be a mop!

"Then why did you glow just now?! You can't indiscriminately kill people! In the future, make sure you always glow!"

No! I mean never glow in the future!

"Always glow? Fan Tong, I didn't know you were so bloodthirsty."

Don't just ignore all my earlier statements!

"Yes, I'm saying always glow, I like killing people."

Hey! Don't twist my words again! What a rotten curse!

"Even if you say that, it's awfully tiring for me. I still need to rest. I want to sleep."

You've already rested for a long time... No wait. This is good. Quick, refuse me because you're tired! By all means, never give off that soul-purging glow again. I'm begging you! We better establish a good relationship soon. If we can directly speak to each other using telepathy, we can avoid so many misunderstandings.

"I want to become physically linked with you."

...

...I've had enough of this.

"...Y-you, want to do what?! B-b-become linked, w-what kind of linked with me? Maybe you can't tell, but I'm a male! W-w-who wants to link with you..."

I also don't want to become linked with you; I'm not a pervert. From your voice alone I already know that you are male, not female...but from your tone you sound kind of flustered?

"What I'm saying is, I want to chat with you through your body, this way it'll be more convenient and we both would not benefit..."

Please stop with the physical body thing already. I give up. I've already been cast off as a promiscuous devil by these misunderstandings. However, the sentence about it being unbeneficial to both of us, after all the reversed sentences from before, is actually correct.

"I followed the wrong master. *I followed the wrong master!* I was fooled by honeyed words and ended up with a master who has dubious intents and harmful plans. I don't care about you anymore, I'm going to sleep."

This is an enormous misunderstanding, truly. Fortunately, you didn't say you would consider it; otherwise, I would have to seriously consider my own future.

"A white tassel?"

Just when Fan Tong's heart calmed down, it flew back up his throat again at the sound of an unfamiliar voice.

"You're the person who killed my troops?"

Fan Tong frantically turned around and saw that several people had entered his line of sight without him noticing. It seemed that the leader of these guys was the person with an angry-looking face pointing a sword at him, looking like he would strike any second. While he was distracted, how long had these few people been standing there? Fan Tong did not know; he was only paying attention to the marks on this person's belt.

Two gold threads. Two gold threads! He has two gold threads! He's pretty much the same rank as Lord Ling Shi! Killing me would be as easy as slicing open a watermelon!

I didn't kill those people! I have nothing to do with this! Don't seek revenge on me; it's all the doing of this meddlesome mop—Puhahaha! Wake up! What are you doing?! Do what you did just a while ago! Make me a ruthless killer who kills without batting an eyelash! Or else, I'll surely die!

“Eh? Fan Tong, quickly commit suicide. I can’t extract your memories again on such short notice. If you don’t kill yourself now, it’ll be too late.”

Puhahaha did wake up, and had even guessed what he was thinking, but his reply sent Fan Tong into an abyss of despair.

“Who asked you to leave the killing unfinished, a survivor ran off and called for reinforcements...”

...And he even called the big fish. I know, I know now. I regret what I said just now. Why does it matter if you kill? Why does it matter when soul-purging weapons enter the equation? It's still better to kill than be killed...

With no warning, the gold-threaded expert lashed out at Fan Tong with his sword. Fan Tong cried out in surprise and barely dodged the strike, contorting into an awkward position to get out of the way in time as his life flashed before his eyes. He knew that the other person wasn’t using his full strength as he could still dodge the attack in time. The other was simply testing his abilities.

“Was it really him? But he’s a white tassel! His form is terrible and full of holes. He also doesn’t have any strength.” The expert with two gold threads asked incredulously as he fixed his gaze fixed on Fan Tong. He was suspicious of the things his informer had told him since Fan Tong did not seem like a strong fighter at all.

That's right! I'm weak and unworthy of being killed by you, so please let me go—

“My Lord, it’s him. It’s definitely him. He’s still standing beside their corpses!” The escaped Western City soldier pointed at Fan Tong in panic.

It seems like I won’t be declared innocent anytime soon.

However, even if Fan Tong overlooked the fact that this world did not have a , about the corpses... Well, Fan Tong was undoubtedly the murderer. Though, if someone told him to repeat his actions, he wouldn’t be able to do it.

“Anyways, since you’ve already seen us...”

Wait a second! I said wait a second! What outdated script are you going off of

to kill people in order to silence them? Don't make me struggle for my life again!

Fan Tong felt like a frog being watched closely by snakes. In addition, the man with two gold threads was wielding a soul-purging weapon.

I'm finished. It's that glow again, don't tell me I'll really be purged here? If I die here, will anyone ever discover my body? Although, I shouldn't care whether or not my body will be found since my soul would be purged. If there comes a time when someone passes through here one day, discovers my body, and suddenly realize, "This was originally Fan Tong. So he actually died here," then I want to believe that they would grieve for me! However, if I die here, wouldn't I be dying next to Puhahaha? I can't be buried next to a mop! I want to change the mop to something else!

...That's not to say I would die willingly if the mop was exchanged for a beautiful girlfriend. But to make me accept that I'll buried beside a mop, that's...

The gold-threaded man had already raised his shining sword and was about to hack at Fan Tong, apparently not wanting to waste any more time dealing with a nobody.

With death so near, Fan Tong actually didn't feel a single trace of fear. He could only stare with widened eyes at the sword speeding towards him and face the killing strike.

Congratulations! Your life has officially ended. May I ask if you want to go back and look at the scene of your death, look back through your memories, or directly end your life and become a piece of dust in the cosmos?

While he was watching the soul-purging weapon fly towards him, Fan Tong felt those words flash through his mind. Those meaningless words were spewed out of his imagination as a last form of comfort. Repeating his death scene would not help him rest in peace. As for looking back on his life... What would he want to look back on? Being crushed to death by a moshou? His cursed mouth deciding to ask for a license plate number of 666 during the most prosperous time in his life? Or a mop becoming his life partner? The more Fan Tong thought, the more he grieved. However, he also couldn't help but marvel at the speed of his thoughts. He'd managed to think of so many things in the few seconds the sword flew towards his head... What came after this? Obediently accept his death?

Would his unfortunate life be finished? In the end, was that good or bad?

Suddenly, Fan Tong felt himself being pushed to the side and heard the clashing of metal striking metal. He looked dazedly at the situation, only to find that the person who pushed him away was Yue Tui.

Yue Tui had stopped the blade right before it cut him. He held his weapon in his right hand, accurately blocking the gold-threaded man's soul-purging sword, while his left hand, which had shoved Fan Tong in the chest, went to support him before he fell.

In short, it seemed Fan Tong had escaped calamity once more. He had his misgivings a moment ago. His head was in such a mixed-up state that he almost said, "Yue Tui, why did you push me?" Then he realized he wasn't dead.

"Yue, Yue Tui!" With great difficulty, Fan Tong retrieved the function of his vocal cords. Pleasant surprise and fear went through him. He was pleasantly surprised because he had temporarily escaped with his life, but fearful and worried that his friend might have come here only to die with him.

"Fan Tong, are you alright?" Although Yue Tui was concerned about his situation, he couldn't look towards him, since he had to keep his eyes on the enemy in front of him. Thus, although Fan Tong wanted to nod in answer, his friend wouldn't be able to see it, so Fan Tong had to use his voice again to respond.

"I'm not alright." Sure enough, he said the wrong thing again.

"Where are you injured?" Yue Tui nervously turned his head towards him, which, in turn, made Fan Tong nervous.

Wah! Don't look at me! The enemy is still in front of you! Wah! He's lifting his sword to attack again! Yue Tui! Quickly look in front of you!

Yue Tui kept his gaze fixed on Fan Tong while he accurately blocked the next strike from the gold-threaded man's weapon. Fan Tong was speechless.

"Fan Tong, it doesn't look like you're injured. Do you have any internal injuries?"

Yue Tui's clear, sky-blue eyes swept over Fan Tong. He looked concerned, but

also puzzled.

I think... that this isn't important right now. Hurry up and remember that I have a speech problem. Also, are you really human? Do you want to consider turning your head back around to look at your enemy? Regardless of whether you can fight him like this, looking down on people like that isn't good. It's like you aren't taking him seriously...

The gold-threaded man became infuriated and started giving off a strong murderous aura. Yue Tui's brow furrowed, and he had no choice but to face the other again. He looked like he had no intention of conversing with them, and Fan Tong wasn't capable of holding a normal conversation, so he adopted Yue Tui's silent attitude. He had hoped that after he was saved, they could quickly leave, but the enemy kept pushing forward, leaving Yue Tui no choice but to fight.

While Fan Tong was thinking, the sounds of swords crossing kept up a constant racket. Fan Tong couldn't keep up with the speed of the fight. At times, Yue Tui and his opponent even fought hand-to-hand. Yue Tui stayed on the defensive, but looked like he hadn't suffered any damage.

"Aren't Ye Zhi's white tassels the weakest rank? This is so strange!" said the Western City soldier.

I'm sorry that we're strange... No, the only strange one is Yue Tui. I'm an ordinary weakling. The only strange thing about me is my weapon. Don't get me wrong. I'm not strange, really. Instead of us white tassels, you should instead criticize that man there with two gold threads who's been brought to a standstill by a New Resident with a white tassel. Those gold threads are starting to seem fake.

The swords continued to clash, but then, something unexpected happened. Probably from the strain of repeatedly clashing with a powerful weapon, Yue Tui's sword broke. It cleanly broke in half, with the top half falling to the ground. Fan Tong looked at Yue Tui's expression, feeling his own eyes widen in panic.

No, the sword broke! How are you going to fight now, Yue Tui? I told you earlier not to buy a broken weapon, but you didn't listen! How is your broken weapon going to compare to that person's godly weapon? What should I do? Should I lend you the mop? But you nearly destroyed every weapon you touched

before, would you also kill Puhahaha... It's not that I'm taking pity on Puhahaha. I only regret those two hundred strings. I also don't want to hear Puhahaha's miserable screams.

That being said, if he were to try to use his soul-purging weapon in this situation, would he hear a stream of protests like "I'm going to die," "don't be so reckless," "do you even know how to fight?," and "not like that!" If that happened, Fan Tong would only be getting in the way if he tried to fight. That wouldn't be strange.

"Fan Tong!" Seeing that he only had half a sword left, Yue Tui pursed his lips and extended a hand towards Fan Tong. "Give me your horsetail whisk!"

...What? What did you say? What did I hear? Are you serious? I only meant it as a joke when I thought about it, but you actually want to go through with it? Did you forget that you are a weapon-killing fiend? You really want to try and fight with a mop? Do you really think that it's feasible for you to use this mop as a sword? Can its soft hair really block the other person's weapon? Although I suspect that it actually can be used as a sword because of what happened earlier, but, but...!

"Puhahaha, are you willing?" Fan Tong knew that they were pressed for time, but he still asked for Puhahaha's opinion since this was a life or death situation. If it was willing to sacrifice its life for the greater good, if it was willing to burn itself out so that others might live, then he wouldn't think twice about handing it over to Yue Tui, but if it wasn't willing, then he wouldn't try to reason with it. He would just watch and see if Yue Tui could use a broken sword to bring about a miracle.

"*Puxiu.* Huh? What? Willing... Are you proposing to me?" But since Puhahaha had gone to sleep, it had no idea what Fan Tong was asking.

Who wants to marry you? Is your brain still on the subject of "linking physical bodies" from earlier?

Taking advantage of the moment, Yue Tui's opponent waved his sword at Yue Tui. This time, Yue Tui dodged, not meeting the strike with his stub of a sword. Fan Tong's survival instinct kicked in and he grasped Puhahaha to hand it over. Just then, another voice cut in:

“Stop!”

When he heard that voice, Fan Tong instinctively thought that they were saved. However, their rescuer was standing behind them, so there was still a possibility that they would die. The person who had appeared at the most crucial point in the battle was someone who kept getting lost in Resource Area 2—Yin Shi.

Now we’re both in a deadlock. Our side has a pure black tassel, so we have a better chance of victory, but because the black tassel is Yin Shi, I can’t feel any ease.

Oh, Lord Yin Shi, every time, you appear just when we need you, just when the situation gets lively. Can we trust you? Can we trust you to rescue us? Can we really? Although according to Ling Shi and judging from the rate at which you can kill chickens, you are quite strong. But how will you do against this expert from Luo Yue?

How much power did the Western City’s two gold threads represent? Fan Tong did not know if Yin Shi was more powerful, since he also didn’t know how much power the Eastern City’s pure black tassel represented. He didn’t know, but... compared to whether or not Yin Shi could defeat the enemy and rescue them, Fan Tong was more concerned about whether or not they would accidentally be killed in the crossfire. He hadn’t died yet, and had, with difficulty, survived until an ally arrived, but if that ally accidentally killed him, it would be too tragic. He really hoped this sad tragedy would not occur.

When another person entered the fighting scene, the gold-threaded expert appeared to be evaluating the situation. As soon as he saw who the new person was, his face twisted in frustration.

“Yin Shi...!”

Yin Shi appeared from behind them and from the right, halted the fight between the gold-threaded expert and Yue Tui. Fan Tong retreated, keeping a safe distance, and the Western City soldiers raised their guard.

“Can’t you see that they’re white tassels?” Yin Shi said as he walked towards

them with an unusually serious look on his face. “Don’t you know that if you kill someone with a soul-purging weapon, even if they’re a new resident, they’ll die?” he asked, using the Western City’s language but not expecting an answer.

“You...”

“Shut up! You hateful person!” After scolding him, Yin Shi unsheathed a long knife. “The people I hate the most, are strong people who prey on the weak!” As he spoke, he swung the knife. As he was still too far away to hit the enemy, he probably hadn’t intended to hit him. As he brandished the ordinary seeming knife, silver light glinted off of it, and that cold, clear light ruthlessly lowered the surrounding temperature. His ink-black hair fluttered in the cold breeze, and he closed his red eyes in anger.

It all happened so quickly. The fatal silver light, Yin Shi quickly striking with the knife, and his opponent letting out a piercing scream. The weapon in his opponent’s right hand fell to the ground and blood gushed from his injury.

“My lord!”

“Ah... Aaaaaah!”

The knife had cut straight through his armor as if it wasn’t even there. Although the scene was very bloody, Fan Tong looked at the damage that was caused to the gold-threaded expert in such a short amount of time, then looked back to the knife belonging to Yin Shi. Just like always, he couldn’t help but reflect on the situation.

Lord Yin Shi, you’re so handsome... Wait, isn’t that wrong? Where did that weird thought come from? Why did I involuntarily think this kind of thing? Isn’t this kind of starry-eyed infatuation the same as Bi Rou’s? I must have thought it because his actions were very handsome, yes, that’s exactly what it was! But I’m still not happy about this... However, what was that just now? That light? Didn’t Yin Shi use a broken weapon?

Steam was rising from the wound on the gold-threaded expert’s arm, and the Western City’s soldiers were thrown into panic.

“Escort the Lord away from here!” Because of the serious situation, they had already decided to ignore the unstable environment and directly used magic. Yin

Shi had no interest in pursuing them as he watched them disappear before his eyes. Thus the enemy got away, and his focus went to the other people present.

“Ah, were you injured? Were you? Were you?” After he walked over to them, he reverted back to his original idiotic mental state.

“I wasn’t...” Yue Tui shook his head, his expression complicated. Subsequently, he seemed to think of something and turned to Fan Tong. “Fan Tong, are you alright? Just a moment ago, you said you were injured?”

This time, Fan Tong finally got his wish and shook his head in reply.

“Fan Tong, it looks like you’re fine, you lucky dog. Then, I can sleep without any worries. *Puxiu – hu –*”

What lucky dog? Mop, don’t use this kind of insincere description as an afterthought! And once you’ve finished speaking, don’t immediately go to sleep again! Is this a kind of talent, being able to sleep no matter what?

Calming down after having his emotion stirred up by Puhahaha’s insult, Fan Tong looked at the knife at Yin Shi’s waist and curiously asked, “Yin Shi, is that the knife you bought as an ornament?”

Hey, can you not turn my words into such a discourteous question?

“Eh? You figured it out. At that time, I actually bought the wrong one. I’m really good at sword-fighting, although using a shorter knife doesn’t really make a difference...”

Did you or did you not make a mistake? Is this called succeeding by a stroke of luck?

“Ah, Xiao Yue, your sword broke? Let’s trade blades. Both are broken, so they’re about the same.”

I think your brain is broken. You want to trade for a broken sword? How could the broken knife that you’re using be the same? Furthermore... Xiao Yue? Who is Xiao Yue? If Yue Tui is Xiao Yue, then what am I...?

This question made Fan Tong tremble with fear. He really did not want to hear what Yin Shi would address him as, and hoped that he would continue forgetting his face and name, but he didn’t know if that would be the case.

“Oh... ok.” Yue Tui blankly handed Yin Shi his broken sword and sheath, trading weapons with Yin Shi. His face was still blank as he tried to adapt to the diminutive nickname.

“Lord Yin Shi, who was that person? It seemed like you knew him.” There wasn’t enough room in Fan Tong’s heart to once again feel sad again about speaking incorrectly.

Yin Shi immediately answered his question. “Hmm? It seems like... he might be... ought to be... perhaps, someone I saw when fighting at the Chen Yue pathway? I don’t know him. I’m not an expert at remembering people’s faces.”

Are you not an expert at remembering people’s faces, or not an expert at remembering men’s faces? Moreover, you’re also not an expert at remembering people’s names... Especially men’s names. You’ve known Ling Shi for so long and you still can’t remember his name! With Luo Shi, you probably remember his name because he looks like a beautiful girl. But then again, Ling Shi looks like a beautiful woman... I’ve gotten sidetracked.

“Ah, Xiao Yue, why are you here? Weren’t you up in a tree together with Xiao Zhu?” Yin Shi finally remembered, speaking another sentence that made Fan tong speechless.

Xiao Zhu?

“I... He...” At the mention of Zhu Sha, Yue Tui looked a little embarrassed. His vague manner made it impossible to tell what he was feeling.

“I’ll bring you to him. He’s unconscious, so I couldn’t move quickly enough while carrying him. I set him down in a safe place.”

Oh, what a sensible decision. If you had been slower even by one second, I would have been done for.

“Oh, ok, I’ll contact Ling Shi first.” Due to Ling Shi having already shut off the group communication, and Bi Rou helping Ling Shi “concentrate on leading them” and shutting off her own communication charm, Yin Shi had been bored senseless. Now that he needed to get in touch, he had to directly contact Ling Shi instead of the group communication.

“Ling Shi...”

“Don’t disturb me, I’m busy.”

Yin Shi was confused. “Ah? Busy? Old men can still be busy?”

“Entertaining Luo Yue’s lost sheep.”

“...Ah! Don’t kill them! Come to an agreement today, I forbid you to kill them!”

“You say that as if they’re chickens, not people. Anyway, you got lost; you’ll only be able to stop me if you hurry over, boss.”

“What? Are you trying to make me angry? I’ll find you right away, so don’t kill them!” Yin Shi ended the communication, looking very short-tempered.

Yue Tui couldn’t help but ask, “What’s going on?”

Since it was a private chat, Fan Tong and Yue Tui only heard Yin Shi’s words, so they weren’t very clear on the situation.

“That damn old man once again forgot his boundaries and wants to selfishly kill people. Quickly, bring me to Xiao Zhu, and then let’s go find him. Ah, do you guys know the way?”

So you simply got lost and found us by a stroke of luck? Sure enough... Sure enough, only Yue Tui was able to find me... But you’ve lived in the Eastern City for such a long time that Resource Area 2 should be almost like your back garden, yet you have to rely on a New Resident to lead the way. No matter what or when, you always manage to be such an excessive person, it’s almost admirable.

Yue Tui brought them to a nearby underbrush and pushed the tall grass aside. When they walked through it, the first thing they noticed was the area by Yue Tui’s foot. For the first few seconds, Fan Tong thought that it was a corpse’s resting place. However, after Yue Tui bent over and pulled the person out of the bushes, both Fan Tong and Yin Shi’s eyes filled with suspicion.

“Xiao Yue, who is this girl?”

“Yue Tui, what about Zhu Sha?”

Why did a appear when you were supposed to be together with Zhu Sha? Oh

wait, “a third person” probably shouldn’t be used that way. I also didn’t mean anything strange by saying you’re together with Zhu Sha.

“This... This is Zhu Sha.” Yue Tui said with a very embarrassed look on his face. After standing in stunned silence for a few minutes, Yin Shi recovered his wits first.

“Eh?! Isn’t Xiao Zhu a boy?! ”

Exactly. You’ve seen him half-naked and we’ve been roommates for so long. Don’t lie through your teeth, Yue Tui! Do you think we’ll fall for your lie? Why don’t you just honestly explain this girl’s origins? I had thought you were a very pure person, but to imagine that you made a girl faint and then left her in the underbrush...

“S-she really is Zhu Sha!” Yue Tui insisted urgently and turned the girl’s face over to allow Fan Tong and Yin Shi a closer look.

This... Her face does resemble his, but that isn’t strong enough evidence to convince us that this is Zhu Sha. Isn’t your evidence a little weak for the claim you’re making? She also has a pretty impressive chest. Zhu Sha clearly didn’t have any boobs.

“Her clothes are a bit torn...” Yue Tui’s face flushed bright red as he followed Fan Tong’s line of sight.

“The seams burst open after he became a girl!”

Oh? Well, I never paid any attention to what Zhu Sha was wearing before, but these clothes are a little tight on her.

“Ah, let’s wake her up and tell her to change back so that we can see.” Yin Shi’s eyes sparkled as he imagined the fascinating scene.

Yin Shi... You’ve already forgotten what you came here for, didn’t you? You forgot that you said we must hurry and find Lord Ling Shi before he starts a massacre, right? We shouldn’t be wasting time here!

“Shouldn’t we hurry to find Lord Ling Shi?” Yue Tui evidently also remembered their urgent task. However, was his reminder merely because he was concerned about the matter, or was it because he wanted to avoid whatever would happen

after they woke Zhu Sha?

“Ah! Right! Then let’s go find him first! We’ll examine if Xiao Zhu is really Xiao Zhu afterwards.”

I feel like you should examine Lord Ling Shi along with Zhu Sha. Or have you already examined him? Nowadays, there seems to be a lot of men who don’t look like men and women who don’t look like women. Why can’t everyone be normal like me?

Ling Shi was in an extraordinarily cheerful mood. Smiling widely, he whimsically tossed out the Fuzhou charms he had drawn up in an instant. When the soldiers from the Western City were cut apart into pieces by the Fuzhou, his smile became even more gentle and brilliant.

According to the residents of the Eastern City, Ling Shi only smiled so beautifully and brilliantly when he was massacring the residents of the Western City. Only when Ling Shi was in an exceedingly good mood would they have the chance to witness such a beautiful smile. However, the blood and carnage in front of the three spectators made it hard for them to enjoy the beautiful sight of Ling Shi’s smile.

Cute Girl A and Cute Girl B had never seen someone being openly killed in front of them before. After seeing the first victim explode into pieces, they shrieked and fainted. Bi Rou remained as the sole spectator of the bloody massacre.

Bi Rou had seen the gruesome sight of a battlefield before, but it was different this time. She had originally came from the Western City, so she naturally felt a bit uncomfortable seeing the Western City’s soldiers being slaughtered before her. Earlier, she had tried to dissuade Ling Shi from starting a massacre, but their exchange had ended up like this:

“Ling Shi Dage, m-must you kill them?”

“Yes.”

“But shouldn’t you conduct peace negotiations first to find out why they are here?”

“I don’t need to know their reasons.”

“Eh?”

“They invaded our country for no reason at all, so they should be killed without question.”

There was no use pleading with him for mercy after that. As she realized this, Bi Rou remained silent. If she didn’t, she might be suspected of harboring traitorous feelings.

At first, Bi Rou couldn’t help thinking that maybe the reason Ling Shi didn’t bother negotiating or asking the soldiers for anything was because he didn’t understand the Western City’s language... As soon as the thought appeared in her mind, she remembered the expression on Ling Shi’s face as he slaughtered the soldiers mercilessly. Bi Rou felt that “he just likes to kill people” or “he feels very happy killing the enemy” and the like would be the most probable explanation.

“Ah, are there any more of you? Not a single one of you fled. Luo Yue’s soldiers truly are courageous.” Ling Shi flung his sleeves and cheerfully glanced at the few remaining enemies. Despite his unearthly beauty, the few remaining soldiers looked at him as if he were a monstrous beast.

Bi Rou scanned the Fuzhou boundary that surrounded them. The boundary prevented the soldiers from fleeing death, yet Ling Shi had praised them for not running away... Wasn’t this a bit cruel and immoral?

“S-save us!”

“Who could save us? Lord Yiye, where are you—”

The soldier’s shouts were cut off as Ling Shi cut him into pieces with Fuzhou. Although New Residents understood the languages of both cities, they still spoke their country’s language out of habit. Ling Shi didn’t understand their shouts. As he didn’t understand, he might as well kill them.

“Aren’t you all New Residents? Even if you were to die, you’ll still be reborn in Luo Yue’s rebirth pond. I’m not using a soul-purging weapon, so what are you afraid of?”

If Fan Tong were here, he would immediately protest that this wasn't a question of whether or not they would be reborn. Those who had been killed would definitely end up mentally traumatized. He would also say that Ling Shi had no conscience.

"If I were still a resident of the Western City, would Ling Shi Dage also treat me with such ruthlessness?" Bi Rou's mumbled to herself as her heart trembled in fear.

Surprisingly, Ling Shi actually heard her and answered, "Of course, enemies can't go unpunished. However, if I saw someone I knew, I would use a less painful way of killing them."

Less painful way of killing? Can you tell me what exactly counts as "less painful" in your book?

Although Ling Shi walked leisurely towards his enemies, he disposed of them smoothly and efficiently. Perhaps in a way, his technique could also be considered just and honorable.

However, regardless of whether or not it was just and honorable, the Western City soldiers might as well have been lining up for the guillotine. The only difference would be that at least the guillotine would have left their bodies mostly intact.

The explosion Fuzhou Ling Shi was using was beautiful and intricately drawn, but the soldiers' bodies would splatter into gruesome pieces once touching the charm. The unthinkable feeling of being ripped apart into pieces was deeply ingrained into the minds of the victims. Even if they were New Residents, bodily damage was still bodily damage. They would return to the rebirth pool and obtain a new body after their death, but no sane person would want to experience death by having their body ripped into many pieces,

Naturally, the soldiers tried resisting their cruel executioner. However, Ling Shi had stuck a defense Fuzhou on himself, making their attacks useless. Additionally, Ling Shi had thrown up a Fuzhou barrier, making escape impossible. One soldier managed to withstand Ling Shi's Fuzhou attack, but when his companions tried to shield his injured body, they were all brutally killed. Eventually, most of them lost the will to resist. The few who still held out hope

could only continue their calls for help.

But no matter how much they yelled, no one came to save them. Their noise only succeeded in annoying their executioner and boosting his killing intent.

“What insidious plot did you all come here to carry out? What are you planning?” Ling Shi muttered to himself as he raised his hand, sending a deadly fire Fuzhou toward several soldiers.

If Ling Shi had actually wanted to pursue the answers to those questions, he would have kept some soldiers alive so he could interrogate them. It seemed like he had spoken the truth when he had told Bi Rou earlier that he didn’t care to know their reasons. If he were to discover that the soldiers’ “insidious plot” was plucking chicken feathers, god knows how he would react.

Is there anyone who can stop him? Bi Rou thought.

As if the heavens had heard her request, someone appeared and charged into the scene and cut apart Ling Shi’s Fuzhou barrier with a silent brandish of his sword. However, it wasn’t Yin Shi.

When he noticed that his barrier had been cut apart, Ling Shi furrowed his brows.

Upon seeing their savior, the few remaining Western City soldiers cried tears of joy.

“Lord Yiye!”

From his appearance, one would think that the person who’d sliced open the barrier was a short, but rather handsome teenager. However, his imposing aura and thunderous expression gave people the impression that he was a baby-face who’d missed puberty entirely and looked much younger than he really was.

Although anyone who looked at him wouldn’t be able to stop comments about his clashing appearance and age from popping up in their heads, not many in the Western City would dare utter those comments to Yiye’s face. Even the New Residents who were capable of regeneration were afraid of the consequences.

“Baby face,” “short,” “underdeveloped,” “deceiving the commoners,” “plush toy,” “little brother,” “child,” “pretty,” “cute,” “innocent,” “three

measurements,” “kid-sized,” “lucky to be young,” and *etc.* All of the above were words that should never be uttered anywhere near Yiye if one treasured one’s life. When greeting him, a simple “Lord Yiye” should do fine.

There really were a lot of taboo words that should never be spoken around Yiye when one counted the recent additions to the list: “His Wise Majesty” and “chicken feathers.” It was considered extremely life-threatening for anyone but the other members of the Magic Sword Guards to speak any of the forbidden words before him. As a result, people had to be very careful when speaking in front of him.

These taboos, however, were the Western City’s taboos. For Ling Shi, no such thing existed as he did not know the person in front of him. Even if he had, he would still say whatever he wanted in the face of an enemy. However, due to the language barrier, his enemy wouldn’t understand him even if he had said whatever he wanted.

“Oh... Sure enough, I managed to find you after following the abnormal aura. Ling Shi of the Five Attendants, right? Looks like I won’t be bored.”

The first one to speak was Yiye, who actually wasn’t there to rescue anyone. He only wanted to find a person to fight and kill in order to relieve his anger. Saving the lives of his soldiers was just a beautiful coincidence.

“L-lord Yiye! Save us! She’s a witch!”

“The women from Ye Zhi are terrifying! Ahh... I want to go home...”

Yiye’s words had been blocked out completely by the soldiers’ tearful laments. Ling Shi understood none of them. He furrowed his brows and glanced meaningfully towards the only other conscious person in his party, Bi Rou, who also understood the Western City’s language perfectly.

“What are they saying?”

Ling Shi would have just asked Yin Shi had he been there. Yin Shi would have translated the others’ words into something absolutely ridiculous, causing slaughter and mayhem within their own ranks. However, the person he asked was Bi Rou, so nothing of that nature would happen. Bi Rou, however, had no idea how to go about telling Ling Shi that the enemy had mistaken him for a

woman.

At that moment, Bi Rou truly resented her roommates. As New Residents, they could easily understand both languages, but unfortunately both had fainted.

“Eh...” Bi Rou laid a hand on her cheek and hesitated. After she translated, she was sure both sides would begin a fierce battle. That wasn’t good, right?

“Xiao Rou, what did they say?” Because she had hesitated, Ling Shi’s smile became even more brilliant. He seemed even more determined to get her to translate. Bi Rou’s scalp tingled in apprehension.

“Ling Shi Dage, they said that you’re a witch and that women from the Eastern City are terrifying. Also, the person who just showed up knows your identity.”

Compared to seeing them fight, Bi Rou found that she was even more unwilling to face Ling Shi’s frigidly brilliant smile. Therefore, she chose to tell him the truth. What followed after wasn’t her problem.

After she finished speaking, Ling Shi’s smile vanished. His good mood from the massacre had completely disappeared.

“Luo Yue’s soldiers are truly weak, being bullied by a ‘woman’ and needing to be saved by an underdeveloped child, eh?”

Ling Shi completely ignored the three gold threads on Yiye’s belt.

Hearing the other side speak, Yiye snorted coldly, then asked the soldiers who had narrowly escaped death, “What did she say?”

“...” Silence reigned as the soldiers erupted into cold sweat. They had just escaped mortal danger, so they didn’t want to immediately rush off to die by their savior’s hand. Ling Shi’s words contained two of the terms that must never be spoken in front of Yiye! Even if they were only the translators, they would surely be in danger if those words came out of their mouths!

“I didn’t hear her clearly. You translate for Lord Yiye!”

“No, I also didn’t hear her clearly...”

“I didn’t even notice that someone was talking!”

“It’d be better if you did it, you...”

Seeing the soldiers trying to throw each other under the bus, Yiye's eyes flashed impatiently. "You're all useless! Do all of you want to go back and retrain?"

Despite his diminutive height and childish appearance, Yiye's voice was deep—definitely the voice of an adult, not a child. At Yiye's rebuke, the soldiers, scared witless, scrambled to kneel and beg for forgiveness.

"Spare me, Lord Yiye! Spare me!"

"..."

This time it was Ling Shi's turn to be speechless, even though he hadn't understood a single word they were saying.

"Are they putting on a play? A comedy?" Ling Shi finally asked.

"No. Ling Shi Dage, what you'd said earlier had put their lives in peril."

"Really? Luo Yue really is a savage country if they even kill people on their own side."

"If Yin Shi were here, both of you would try to kill each other too..." Bi Rou muttered, not knowing if this could be considered as supporting her homeland.

"Yin? That idiot who's always protecting the enemy is nowhere on our side." Ling Shi, of course, had heard her muttering and immediately replied. In any case, Ling Shi's bad moods were often caused by Yin Shi. Under those circumstances, Ling Shi naturally wouldn't have anything good to say about Yin Shi, so Bi Rou refrained from asking any more questions.

"Xiao Rou, do you recognize that child?" Because Bi Rou came from the Western City, Ling Shi decided to ask her.

"I know who he is, but I'm not acquainted with him. He's a member of the Magic Sword Guards, the 'Joker' Yiye. I hear he has a legendary temper."

Ling Shi knew what the Magic Sword Guards were. In the Western City, they held high offices in the government and extraordinary statuses as the direct subordinates and guards of Young Emperor Englар. They were important in the Western City, so much that they had their own personal platoons and were involved with the city's military. Not even the Council of Elders would dare to

offend them. Each member of the Magic Sword Guards had either been directly handpicked by their predecessors or had been raised to take on the position since childhood. It was said that the enchantments the five members of the Magic Sword Guards had passed down from ancient times could combine to form a magical barrier that was impenetrable to any attack. No one knew whether or not the rumors were exaggerated.

“The Magic Sword Guards?” Ling Shi’s eyes turned menacing. What were people of such an elevated status doing inside the Eastern City’s borders? Theories on all sorts of sinister plots started forming in his mind.

“Woman, draw your weapon. Even if you’re a woman, I won’t show you any mercy.” The crisis on the other side seemed to have abated, but Bi Rou couldn’t tell whether Yiye was directing his words at her or Ling Shi.

Ling Shi didn’t ask her to translate again, instead opting to raise his hand in preparation for battle.

Bi Rou hurriedly asked, “Ling Shi Dage, don’t you want to know what he said?”

“He’s already drawn his weapon, so he obviously means to fight. There’s nothing I need to ask.”

That was somewhat true. Yiye’s words weren’t really important anyway...

“Xiao Rou, don’t you have a weapon?” Seeing Bi Rou standing leisurely to the side, Ling Shi asked even though he didn’t think she would lift a hand.

“No, I don’t have one, but I can still fight...” Bi Rou wasn’t foolish enough to believe that Ling Shi was unaware of her origins. In any case, they were surrounded by strangers, so it wasn’t necessary for her to act like a weak girl with a grass green tassel.

“No, you don’t need to fight. Yin Shi said that I can’t allow even a single strand of your hair be injured, so I’ll defend you.”

Hearing Ling Shi’s words, Bi Rou didn’t know how to react. In the end, should she try to negotiate or not? Moreover, since when had Ling Shi ever done anything Yin Shi told him to do?

“But... but, that person has three gold threads and he’s the strongest member

of the Magic Sword Guards. Are you sure you want to fight him by yourself?" Bi Rou knew that she was questioning his power and maybe even hurting his ego, but she couldn't let him die in order to spare his ego. It didn't matter whether or not his opponent was using a soul-purging weapon; both of them were Natural Residents who would not be reborn if they died.

"Perhaps I wouldn't be able to defeat him, but there's no question about my ability to protect you. I am very confident in my defensive capabilities, so there's no need to worry. No matter what happens, you won't need to raise a hand."

After Ling Shi spoke, Bi Rou naturally couldn't say anything more and instead wisely chose to take a step backwards to hide behind Ling Shi.

"In that case..." The smile reappeared on Ling Shi's face as he got ready to meet his unusually powerful enemy head-on.

"Ling Shi of the Eastern City's Five Attendants. It's time to teach you a lesson."

At the beginning of the fight, an invisible pressure enveloped their surroundings, causing everyone in the area to feel oppressed. Usually, when unable to figure out how to deal with an enemy, the average person would first try to get a feel for their opponent's fighting style. Yiye, however, had no interest in this and immediately took action, going straight for his opponent's vitals.

The speed of his initial attack had always caught people unprepared in the past. Before they could even sense the attack and be afraid, they were already dead. However, a single strike could not possibly decide the outcome of his battle with Ling Shi. Yiye first encountered a continuous stream of Fuzhou, the strength of which he was unfamiliar with. Despite this, he still smiled coldly as he struck out at the Fuzhou, intent on breaking it. He swept his sword in an arc, and the resulting wind blast broke the Fuzhou into shining pieces, which then dimmed and faded away. This scene had a sort of bizarre beauty to it.

Ling Shi used defensive Fuzhou to protect them from Yiye's ingenious strike, but each defensive Fuzhou was destroyed after a few seconds as the distance between the combatants narrowed. At first glance, Ling Shi seemed to be at a disadvantage, as he used Fuzhou as his main fighting technique. If he were attacked directly with a weapon, the result would be very predictable.

When he had dealt with the Western City's soldiers, his Fuzhou had seemed incredibly strong, but in front of Yiye, they looked more like cheap light tricks. After a few minutes of repeating the same motions, in order to disturb the pattern and use attack Fuzhou, Ling Shi waited until right after his defensive Fuzhou was blasted into pieces before casting a lethal spell, but the outcome was different from what he expected.

Yiye proved that the three gold threads on his belt weren't just for show. He displayed a strength that was difficult to describe, but he did so effortlessly, as if he was still not fighting with everything he had. Before anyone else had realized what was happening, Yiye's sword had already struck. With all of his opponent's defenses gone, Yiye had taken advantage of the gap to try and chop Ling Shi's head off.

Despite Bi Rou's frightened shout, Ling Shi didn't dodge or avoid the strike and simply lifted up his left arm to block. Ling Shi's arm should have been chopped off, with blood spattering everywhere. However, the sword didn't harm his arm in the slightest. His slender arm warded off a strike from a sword that had killed countless people without even suffering a scratch.



“This is...”

During the split second Yiye was distracted, Ling Shi quickly drew several Fuzhou with his right hand. The explosions caught Yiye off guard and threw him back. Once again taking advantage of the time he had bought, Ling Shi rubbed the place where the sword had struck his arm, then rebuilt his defensive Fuzhou.

“Ling Shi Dage, your arm...” Although his arm looked intact to the naked eye, it was impossible for that to be true. Bi Rou found it difficult to believe that he wasn’t injured.

“I learned this from my Gege. It’s not something you can learn.” Ling Shi answered her in that thought-provoking way, but his answer didn’t really explain anything.

“Lord Yiye! Are you all right?” This was the first time the Western City soldiers had ever seen Yiye fall for someone’s trap. In their minds, Yiye had always been untouchable. Thus, seeing this scene, they were just as confused as they were shocked. Although they were concerned, they couldn’t rush to Yiye’s side because of the oppressive power in the air. They could only watch Yiye get up from the ground, seemingly without difficulty. The Fuzhou spell didn’t seem to have caused him any real harm; his clothes were damaged, but there wasn’t any blood on him. When he lifted his head, however, the expression on his beautiful face had changed completely.

“Hahaha... Hahahaha—” He laughed crazily, as if he had completely lost control, but his eyes were clear and calm. They were not at all the eyes of a person who had lost his rationality. “Very good, this looks like it should be a pleasurable battle...” He raised his sword again, and an aura surrounded it, entirely different from before. “On this world, everything, without exception, must perish someday. After I kill you, I will be sure to remember your name.”

Although Ling Shi still couldn’t understand Yiye’s words, he could see the respect that was present on the other man’s face in addition to his imposing expression. Ling Shi raised his hand and drew a complicated Fuzhou pattern.

“Ling Shi Dage, will you really not allow me to help?”

If Yiye had made people cautious before, he now made them feel bone-deep fear. Bi Rou also felt the change and became worried.

“It doesn’t matter, he can’t kill me. You could actually consider running away.

Since I've attracted his interest, he shouldn't care what you do." Ling Shi indifferently proposed that she flee, but if she went as far as to abandon her two unconscious roommates, she wouldn't be able to forgive herself. New Residents could be reborn after death, but only if the enemy didn't use a soul-purging weapon to kill them.

"How could I do that? I can't abandon my companions and run away!" Bi Rou was clearly unwilling to accept his proposal. She didn't even need to consider her answer before saying it.

"But you are not a New Resident..." Ling Shi sighed, but Bi Rou immediately interrupted him.

"So what? I despise this kind of thing! Every time, I'm never there when I should be fighting. Every time, I don't do the right thing..." She seemed to be remembering the past as she spoke in a trembling voice.

Meanwhile, Yiye had already begun destroying the newly constructed Fuzhou barrier, which covered a wide area. He raised his hand and placed it near the barrier, and it collapsed as if it were made of ordinary paper. Ling Shi didn't ask Bi Rou any questions about her past. He only silently reconstructed the destroyed barrier, but the quality wasn't as good as before.

"Ling Shi Dage, don't you have some means of escaping? Like a transportation spell, or some kind of Fuzhou..."

"I said I can't die, at most I'll be injured." While they spoke, the speed at which Ling Shi mended the barrier grew slower and slower. Then the tip of a sword flashed red, like an incarnation of death. Even though Ling Shi knew it couldn't kill him, he still didn't want it to cut him again.

As he was trying to think of a solution, Bi Rou suddenly rushed towards Yiye, shouting a few sentences. Yiye looked shocked when he heard the Western City's language come out of her mouth. As she continued speaking, the sound of her voice was interrupted by the appearance of several people.

© Fan Tong's Afterword

Oh, it feels like so many things have happened. I have to say I am very happy to

have escaped death. Yue Tui is definitely a good friend; being able to make such a friend isn't bad at all. It's a definite win! Ah, I really can't understand his strength anymore. He even had the courage to use the mop; he really isn't ordinary.

However, the unconscious girl hidden in the underbrush, is she really... *tsk tsk tsk*. Zhu Sha? Zhu Sha is clearly a boy. If "he" is really a "she," then we are very blessed to be living with her. However, it looks to be an obvious lie.

Today was the first time that I didn't feel jealous of Lord Yin Shi's handsomeness. Seldom have I felt such a pure, sincere feeling... Is this the feeling that comes from surviving a crisis? A friend in need is a friend indeed? I don't think that saying should be used in this situation.

As everyone knows, Lord Yin Shi is very handsome. However, during that split second when he brandished his knife, his divine handsomeness made me dizzy with admiration... Ah! Am I sick? Although it's perfectly acceptable to hero-worship other men, Yin Shi is clearly an idiot. Don't tell me there's actually a fine line between heroism and idiocy? If so, all the heroes in the world would be crying! After we go back home, I better find Mi Zhong and inquire whether or not I need a psychologist. I rather miss the version of me that found Yin Shi's handsome face annoying. I want to go back to normal. I can't believe a mean, picky person like Yin Shi had saved my life. It just doesn't seem right. After all, Yin Shi had been the cause of one of my deaths before. Maybe I'll just regard this time as compensation.

Today, my mop and I managed to establish a complicated relationship. We've conducted the longest conversation in our whole history. Strictly speaking, the conversation was a failure as I ended up twisting my words again. My curse made it as if I were trying to woo the mop. Now it doesn't want to talk to me anymore. I don't know if this is worth celebrating.

In the end, I still don't know whether or not it's a soul-purging weapon. Should I consider it fortunate that Yue Tui and I haven't gone to Wushu Xuan's fighting class ever since we bought our weapons? Otherwise, I might have already been arrested for being a dangerous and suspicious person...

From the current situation, it seems a lot have happened on Ling Shi's side. I

can sense the lingering smell of Fuzhou in the air, plus there's a murderous-looking child standing opposite of Ling Shi... Exactly what is going on here? Lord Ling Shi, has the illegitimate child you've abandoned come to find you? Who's the mother?

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Used often in sentences as “Crossing the Yellow River.” Comparable to the River Styx.

Third person (第三者), usually refers to the “other woman” that a cheating husband ran off with.

← [Chapter 1: Unexpected Guests](#) [Chapter 3: Misunderstandings Can Still be Peacefully Resolved](#) →

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12 Comments so far:



1. *blublu* says:

[July 4, 2016 at 10:49 pm](#)

i predict that yin shi is actually Ying the queens famous weapon because the weapon needs magic to operate and yin shi can use magic and can't use fuzhou. when they said that the weapon was described as both knife and a sword maybe they were describing both ling shi and yin shi. that explains why they are so old and why ling shi said having a relationship with ying was not a function. i also think that maybe yue tui is one of the strings from the tian luo four string weapon thingy. when he is calm and silent he instills fear. maybe he is the string that frightens everyone. maybe i also predict that hui shi might be a string or the emperor? maybe luo shi's dad -_- probably not.

this is just a bunch of fantasizing so don't me seriously

[Reply](#)



2. *teckie* says:

[June 15, 2016 at 11:09 pm](#)

thank you for this chapter!

so I was right, seems like bi rou was someone important in the western city, or at least had some kind of standing.

and zhu sha... maybe he comes from a dimension where anyone can switch genders at will? or he's an allien. xD

and long shi must have some 'celestial jade body' hohohohoho jade white, hard as a rock!

[Reply](#)



3. *Ifb* says:

[June 1, 2016 at 10:11 pm](#)

Thanks again for continuing to translate this series! I ended up getting motivated to attempt to read my copy because I really want to know what happens next. @. @ Also, I don't know if this will be added later or not, but I think putting a sidenote that "Xiao Zhu" sounds like "little pig" and is what Fan Tong thought too would be helpful in understanding Fan Tong's reaction.

lol I hope Yin Shi continues his naming pattern for Fan Tong too. XD

[Reply](#)

o *carrot* says:

[June 16, 2016 at 8:59 pm](#)

Does Xiao Fan sound like "little food?" just making sure

[Reply](#)



4. *Dino* says:

[May 29, 2016 at 8:22 am](#)

I love this story!!! Aaand lovley, adorable, and bestest translatrs, when is the next chap?0:)

[Reply](#)



5. *PumpkinPie* says:

[May 10, 2016 at 11:50 am](#)

Seriously Yue Tui, who are you? I'm amazed he could easily defend against a two golden-threaded person....and probably defeat him if his sword didn't break.

Many questions and still no answer regarding Fan Tong as well, what exactly happened when he 'blanked out' and apparently killed two people? We kind of get a hint from Puhahaha though, he said

"I can't extract your memories again on such short notice." so

1. he has an 'ability' (for lack of a better term) that makes Fan Tong 'remember' how to fight with a sword.

2. said ability either needs time to be used or has a cool-down time.

Fan Tong had part of his memories sealed away way back. Did he forget how to use a sword? But he doesn't seem very atletic or anything...and swordmanship definitely requires training. Is it because only his soul reached this world and not his body? But the Pool (forgot its proper name) should make a body for the New Residents copying their previous one...

And I still don't know what to think about Yin Shi. He appears an idiot most of the time, but rarely serious and very strong...an almighty idiot? I say there's more to his back story, like for most of the characters in this story.

Still not enough clues...but speculating is alway fun
Did anyone else find hints I missed? Either about Fan Tong or Yue Tui (or anyone else you want to talk about)

[Reply](#)



6. A *Sushi* says:

[May 4, 2016 at 1:41 am](#)

In a way, Fan Tong is Ironically fortunate in unfortunate events. Not only does he pick up a mo-er Horsetail Whisk as a weapon in which he can't even use properly, the Horsetail Whisk is actually very strange and imbued with the power to be self-aware AND a soul purging weapon. But I just sound like someone talking in verbatim, I find the whole situation funny. Although, reading Sunken Moon is a little difficult for me since I can't really put names to faces (I'm not kidding...) But! After a while I start to get it. And I'm getting now that our Fan Tong is simply too weird to be JUST a fortune teller. I wonder who he really is.... Thanks GC staff for the crazy amazing work!

[Reply](#)

o *Irid* says:

[June 2, 2016 at 9:11 am](#)

Lucathia made a post about Key of the Sunken Moon that includes a lot of pictures from the novels. (Warning: her post contains many spoilers) <http://lucathia-rykatu.livejournal.com/337466.html>

But from that post, I got the impression that Fan Tong (brown hair) and Luo Shi (black hair) are on the cover of Volume 1, and Yue Tui is on the back. Yin Shi (brown hair) and Ling Shi (white hair) are on the cover of Volume 2. Bi Rou seems to be a blond girl with pigtails, and she's on the back of Volume 3. Zhu Sha is on the back of Volume 4, and s/he has shoulder-length red hair.

[Reply](#)



7. *Amiric* says:

[May 2, 2016 at 5:29 am](#)

So who exactly is Puhahaha?
And Fan Tong's real identity?
p/s : I'm really touched for Yue Tui to accurately call Puhahaha as a horsetail whisk.
And you don't have to worry Fan Tong, I don't think Yin Shi will remember your name.
Thanks for the release!

[Reply](#)



8. *teckie* says:

[May 1, 2016 at 10:55 pm](#)

waaah! this series... from the 1st paragraph onwards made laugh out loud x'D

epic chapter, thank you!!

[Reply](#)



9. *rhianirory* says:

[May 1, 2016 at 10:53 pm](#)

thank you!
i love this series!!

[Reply](#)



10. *Ton* says:

[May 1, 2016 at 10:24 pm](#)

I am waiting everyone to ask fang tong about the two dead men.

[Reply](#)

Chapter 3: Misunderstandings Can Still be Peacefully Resolved

On August 2, 2016, Posted by [a giraffe](#) , In [Chen Yue Zhi Yao](#), By [chenyuezhiyao](#), [novels](#), [shuiquan](#) , With [6 Comments](#)

“There’s so many misunderstandings: that Ling Shi is a woman, that the Magic Sword Guard came with evil intentions, about Zhu Sha’s gender, and so on.” – Bi Rou

“Yiye! What are you doing?!”

“Ah, we finally found you, Xiao Rou! I missed you so bitterly!”

“Lord Yin Shi, didn’t you go looking for Lord Ling Shi...”

Leading his troops, the blonde man who had spoken first approached from behind Yiye, while Yin Shi showed up near Ling Shi and Bi Rou. Yue Tui, who was at Yin Shi’s side, could not help asking Yin Shi that last question. After setting down Zhu Sha, Fan Tong went to find a place with everyone else. Because of the sudden influx of people, everyone was unsure how to react. Bi Rou, too, was among those at a loss. Yin Shi evaluated the situation but was confused for a moment.

“Eh? What’s going on here?” Yin Shi asked, looking from one side to another, then suddenly seemed to come to a realization. He immediately pointed at Ling Shi and laughed uproariously. “Pu, puhahahaha! Old man, you’ve encountered retribution! Even you might be killed one day! Hahahahahahaha!”

His excessively cheerful laugh turned everyone’s faces dark. *This shouldn’t be your attitude towards your friend, right? Lord Yin Shi, in the end, who are you helping?* Fan Tong was deeply puzzled. Just what type of friendship existed between Yin Shi and Ling Shi? He could only be certain that this sound was pure laughter and not Yin Shi calling his mop’s name.

“I’m not dead yet” was all that Ling Shi said. His face took on an ugly look, and he delivered a fist to Yin Shi’s stomach. Although the punch encountered armor,

Yin Shi still had the breath knocked out of him and shouted in pain.

Fan Tong was not interested in their . Moreover, he thought that if the four characters that made up “flirting” came out of his mouth, his curse would make it seem like he was asking for a himself. Right now, he was more curious about the other party. They looked like they were Western City’s people, but what kind of people were they? Moreover... three golden threads? Three golden threads? He carefully looked over at that little demon and unexpectedly saw three golden threads. Wasn’t that the same rank as Luo Yue’s legendary monster of an emperor?

“Yiye, we have an important mission to finish. You shouldn’t keep creating complications here!” The blonde man’s criticizing tone held a certain degree of blame.

Already agitated from being continuously bombarded by various events, Yiye replied impatiently, “Don’t stop me from killing people!”

What, people from both sides have come to stop their comrades from killing? Although, one from our side has already forgotten his original intentions. But, Yiye? This name seems... a little nuanced... I’m also getting a sense of familiarity... Why? I can’t possibly know him, right?

“We are not at war with Ye Zhi right now, so killing their people as you please is disputable at best. This was not the mission His Majesty gave us!”

“Ya Mei Die, do not mention His Majesty in front of me!”

“Pu! Ack! Kekekekeke!” The moment Yiye said his comrade’s name, Fan Tong’s breath exploded out of him, and he choked on his own saliva, crouching as he coughed incessantly and nearly sinking to his knees.

—! —! What is this? “Don’t” – “stop” –? No wonder it sounds so familiar! You guys are clearly Westerners, but your names are pronounced as if they’re Japanese, what’s up with that? This is too much! Can these words even be used as people’s names? How awkward is it when other people call your names? Two magnificent gold-threaded masters... Not good, my face is twitching! Moreover, only I can hear the resemblance to the Japanese language...

“Fan Tong, what’s the matter?” Yue Tui patted him on the back, not understanding why Fan Tong had suddenly forgotten himself.

This is something I can’t explain, so don’t ask.

Fan Tong felt like a bomb had hit his brain. Nearby, the to kill or not to kill debate continued.

“You haven’t contributed anything to this mission. Why can’t you just be good and come with us to kill chickens...”

“I will not put my sword to that kind of lowly use!” Yiye’s face twisted as he replied. Fan Tong actually felt he could understand why Yiye was angry. That is, if he had heard correctly, and they really were here to kill chickens.

“In short, you can’t kill him! You’ve already made enough trouble by causing our secret mission to be discovered!”

“Hey hey hey, wait a second. What makes you think you can discuss this matter by yourselves so happily? If you want to kill our people, shouldn’t you ask me first?” Yin Shi had been listening off to the side the entire time, but he finally couldn’t stand listening to the unpatriotic Westerners anymore and butted into the conversation in their own language. However, both New Residents and the Western City’s people could understand his words, so Ling Shi was the only one who could not.

You finally said a comparatively normal sentence, Lord Yin Shi, especially compared to earlier, when you were mocking Lord Ling Shi and saying this was retribution...

“Why is it you again?” Only now did Ya Mei Die look directly at the other party. Because he saw Yin Shi, Ya Mei Die’s face took on a sour expression once more, as if everyone owed him millions of strings.

“Ah, that’s right, it’s me again. You were discussing whether to kill us so happily. Shouldn’t you at least defeat me first before you say any more? Don’t tell me you think that your success is already guaranteed?”

If the winner will be determined by IQ, our opponents might win, Lord Yin Shi. That Mr. Stop ... Mr. Ya Mei Die, even if he looks a bit foolish, I still think he looks a little more intelligent than you... Or maybe I should say that his brain is at

least more normal.

“What we say is our own business, how dare you Ye Zhi people interrupt! Where are your manners?”

No, actually it might be difficult to choose between Mr. Ya Mei Die and Yin Shi. Then, it's just an IQ competition between Lord Ling Shi and Mr. Don't... Mr. Yiye?

“Returning to our main topic. Why did the Magic Sword Guard come to the Eastern City’s territory?” Finally, Yin Shi asked an important question regarding the main problem.

Ya Mei Die immediately gave a resolute reply. “We are here on an order from His Esteemed Majesty. We are to first kill chickens and pluck their feathers, then return to make a pillow for His Majesty.”

...Eh?

At the moment when most people who’d heard this would blank out momentarily and ask themselves, “Is this really true,” Yiye flew into a humiliation-induced rage and ferociously smacked Ya Mei Die on the head.

“Don’t tell them about this disgraceful situation! How can you answer whatever question other people ask, are you an idiot?!”

... Eh? Slow, slow down. Originally, your reason seemed fake, and I wanted to ridicule your flimsy excuse with the words, couldn’t you have come up with a lousier lie? You didn’t even write a rough draft for it? In this world, is there such a ridiculous situation? However, Yiye’s response makes it seem true? What the... are the bigwigs from both cities all out killing chickens? Do you have a serious conflict with chickens? What an ! Or should I say I don’t know what both sides’ bigwigs are thinking, and that they are doing work that should be beneath them to slack off on their actual jobs?

So wait, does that mean that the gold-threaded expert we ran into earlier and those Luo Yue soldiers also came to pluck chicken feathers? Why didn’t they say so earlier? I would have understood the language! If they had said so earlier, I would have just given them chicken feathers, as long as they didn’t kill me! Chasing their goals like that, attacking with knives and swords and causing all

those disastrous casualties, did no good! The result of all that was not chicken feathers, was it?

“Why are you reacting like that, what are they saying?” Ling Shi asked, wrinkling his brow. The feeling of not being able to participate was quite bad.

“They said that they came to pluck chicken feathers.” Yin Shi seldom translated words properly for Ling Shi, but he still attracted Ling Shi’s glare right away.

“Do you think I’m brainless? Even if I can’t understand the language, I can tell that what you’re saying is impossible! Would it kill you to joke less?”

No... Lord Ling Shi, this time it's actually you who's misunderstanding. You have too deep of a bias against Lord Yin Shi, they really did say that...

“Ah? Me? You damn old man, casually wronging people, what I told you was the truth!” Yin Shi complained with an innocent and aggrieved expression. Beside him, Yue Tui and Bi Rou also kindly helped him testify.

“They really said that.”

“That’s right, Ling Shi Dage.”

Even with the testimonials of two people, Ling Shi still wasn’t convinced, so he cast his gaze toward the third person. “Is it true?”

... Don't ask me, don't ask me, I can only speak incorrectly! Wouldn't my words just create more trouble for Lord Yin Shi? Oh, that's right, I can just nod my head to answer this question!

After Fan Tong hastily nodded his head, Ling Shi came up with another question. “What will they do with the chicken feathers?”

“...Return and make a pillow for their emperor.” Yue Tui answered the question, his expression distant.

“Damn old man, you accused me wrongly but didn’t apologize...” Yin Shi looked like he had really taken offense. Ling Shi looked at him without a trace of apology in his expression.

“I am truly sorry. Since you came, let me ask you, how should the issue of Luo Yue’s Magic Sword Guard and their soldiers invading our country be handled?”

Lord Ling Shi, did your brain get burnt? How could you ask Lord Yin Shi how to handle this serious issue? He might answer you with, “Then let’s happily work together to pluck chicken feathers,” right? Did you think of that?

“Ah, what a headache, I don’t want to deal with this. We came to pluck chicken feathers, but we still haven’t finished...” Fortunately, Yin Shi used the Eastern City’s language to say that sentence. Otherwise, if the other party heard that they were here to pluck chicken feathers too, Fan Tong didn’t know what impression the others would get.

“Even if they really only came to pluck chicken feathers, we can’t just consider this unimportant. We can’t let our enemies go wherever they want, right?” Ling Shi narrowed his eyes, looking very dissatisfied with Yin Shi’s answer.

“Ah! That’s right! Ling Shi, you’re so clever, I didn’t expect it at all. This way they’ll make off with our chicken feathers!”

When Yin Shi clapped his hands and spoke as if he had suddenly come to a realization, no one knew what to say to him. Was that really the train of thought of a bigwig? Did he really think that, when dealing with such a sensitive matter, the most important thing was the dispute over who got the chicken feathers? Talking about it like feathers were such a precious commodity...

“You...” When together with Yin Shi, people often had the opportunity to experience what it was like to become so angry they would convulse; no matter how much time they spent around him, no one was immune.

“Then, I’ll tell them to get lost. The chickens are ours to kill.”

If you say, “The chickens are our country’s natural resource and should be protected,” it wouldn’t sound bad, but just telling others not to kill them so that you can, that really is... too blunt?

“Should we negotiate over the people we killed...” Fan Tong originally wanted to say they should negotiate over the people the other side had killed. After all, he had almost died. He didn’t consider the matter to be water under the bridge. As for how the curse had changed his words... he couldn’t control that.

If I think about it carefully, it actually seems that the people from Luo Yue haven’t killed anyone! We did all the killing... Lord Ling Shi covered the ground in

blood, my mop unexpectedly killed a few people, and Lord Yin Shi seriously injured someone... so aren't we the villains here?

"We were eliminating the intruders; we have reasonable justification for doing so." Ling Shi did not have to think hard to come up with this response.

Immediately, Yin Shi opened his mouth to say, "We've already fought, we've already killed, just tell them to leave and everything will be fine."

"And if they refuse to leave?"

"Eh? Then just forget about it."

"... Shouldn't we start a fight? If negotiations are useless, let's just use weapons to expel them, okay?"

"Ah, but Ling Shi, you couldn't defeat one of them."

"Of course you would deal with that child. The other person won't be a problem for me."

"But I don't fight children or women."

Speaking with Yin Shi was always very tiring.

Their party was quarreling, but the other party was also quarreling.

"If this matter isn't resolved peacefully, there's no need to pluck chicken feathers anymore, since we would have failed His Majesty's task..."

"I already want to ignore that stupid mission! Do you still want to reason with the enemy?"

"We can't gain the upper hand, right? What use is it for both sides to suffer?"

Hearing Ya Mei Die say those words, Yiye gritted his teeth. Although his heart longed for an intense fight with a rarely encountered, worthy opponent, after so many people had shown up, in reality there were still many things he needed to consider. Although he never paid much attention to other factors when he was working, aside from practical matters, there was another problem that caught his attention.

"Hey, hey, are you guys finished talking over there? We can act as if we never saw you stealthily sneak in, and we won't inform Ying. However, you must leave

our borders within an hour, and during that period of time, you can't harm the Eastern City's people. This is our suggestion." In any case, they were all old friends who had frequently encountered each other when they'd fought over people at the Chen Yue pathway, so Yin Shi thought that communicating with them for a bit wouldn't cause any problems.

However, the phrase "stealthily sneak in" somehow caused people to be at a loss as to what to say. *Did you really have to use the phrase "stealthily sneak in"... shouldn't it be Bi Rou who did that? Wasn't what Bi Rou did really "stealthily sneaking in"? She even went from someone who'd stealthily snuck in to a proper and respectable Eastern City resident. This is truly quite disturbing...*

Yiye was speechless, and it was unclear what he was thinking, so it seemed that he was leaving the decision to Ya Mei Die. Ya Mei Die thought for a bit; apparently the matter could only be settled like this, so he agreed to their requirements. It would be easy to find out whether Ya Mei Die's soldiers had really left after an hour. Since they were in the Eastern City's territory, naturally the Eastern City had methods to monitor them. In other words, they couldn't agree just for show; they would have to do what they'd agreed to do.

"Ling Shi, they've agreed, let's quickly leave and continue killing chickens. There's no need to look after them."

"Hng." Ling Shi didn't oppose the idea. After glancing at them, he went to treat the two unconscious girls.

"Ah, that's right, there's also Xiao Zhu... Eh? Xiao Zhu?" Right after Yin Shi suddenly remembered the matter with Zhu Sha, he saw the person in question suddenly appear along with feelings of doubt.

Fan Tong also hadn't taken note of when Zhu Sha had approached them. A little surprised, he looked towards Zhu Sha, then looked back at Yue Tui.

"Eh?" He looked specifically at the place where he'd put down the person he had been carrying, but he didn't see even half a person. Therefore, he could not help but ask, "Where did that boy go?" *Wrong question again.*

"Which boy?"

Yue Tui really wasn't pretending – he truly was shocked.

“Wasn’t he a girl just a moment ago... The person from before, was it really Xiao Zhu? Xiao Zhu, are you a boy or a girl?” Yin Shi’s mind kept turning in circles. If the girl from before wasn’t Zhu Sha, then where did she go?

“I don’t understand this question,” Zhu Sha coldly answered.

After hearing about the situation, Ling Shi also adopted a cold look. “Yin, can you not tell the difference between genders?”

“Ah! It’s not like that! Just now it was obviously... Xiao Yue, didn’t you say that girl was Xiao Zhu?”

Yue Tui stiffened, hesitated, and then shook his head. “You probably remembered it wrong.”

Fan Tong didn’t know how why, but he could understand why Yue Tui had stiffened momentarily. It was because he wasn’t used to lying. It seemed that he wanted to conceal the matter.

“Eh? Mop’s Master, you should have heard it as well, right?”

...Who are you asking?

Instead of Fan Tong’s face or name, what had left the deepest impression on Yin Shi, and the one thing he remembered, was actually Fan Tong’s weapon. Let’s set aside the matter of Yin Shi remembering it as a mop instead of a horsetail whisk for now; he felt his name was already so easy to remember, but Yin Shi still couldn’t remember it. This was overwhelmingly sad.

I’m begging you to remember my name! It doesn’t matter if you call me Xiao Fan, Xiao Tong, or Xiao Fan Tong, just don’t call me Mop’s Master! What a terrible joke!

“Ah, why won’t you answer me? Don’t tell me that you’re not the person with the mop? Then, who are you?”

By this time, Ling Shi had already woken up the two girls, and it seemed that he did not want Yin Shi to waste any more time, so he came over to interrupt. “This is an unimportant matter, don’t bother with it. Haven’t we already wasted enough time? Quickly go do your job and kill chickens. Don’t tell me you want to make a third trip?”

“Huh? So long as I’m with Xiao Rou, it doesn’t matter where I go or how many times.” Yin Shi answered, smiling at Bi Rou, which immediately made her fall back into starry-eyed infatuation mode.

“Oh! Yin Shi, you’re so handsome!”

This open admiration embarrassed Yin Shi a little. “Ah, am I...”

It was truly inconceivable for someone who looked like that to still not be accustomed to being called handsome. Perhaps the Eastern City’s girls were a little more reserved?

Finished dealing with business, the people from the Western City had already left. Only after seeing them leave did Ling Shi ask Yin Shi a question. “Yin, are you certain you could have beaten that child from earlier?” Ling Shi knew that if he had fought Yiye, he would have definitely lost, so he wanted to know if Yin Shi had any chance of success.

“Ah, I’ve never fought him before, so I don’t know. It looks like he’s an expert who combines magic, curses, and sword fighting, but I can do more, so maybe I could beat him?” Yin Shi didn’t immediately answer that he was certain of victory, causing Ling Shi to furrow his brows. This time, Bi Rou spoke up.

“Yin Shi! You know how to do so many things! You also figured out how to cast curses? Which ones?”

“Ah, I’m proficient in Shufa, Fuzhou, sword fighting, and magic. I know how to cast curses well, but I can’t use them. My Wushu is not bad, but in front of friends, I tend to let my guard down, so this damn old man often lands a hit on me... Nn – the thing I’m best at is sword fighting.”

...Eastern City’s Shufa, Fuzhou, and Wushu; Luo Yue’s magic, curses, and sword fighting... You’re an expert in everything from both cities! What did you have to do to accomplish this feat? Is this something only a genius can do? But Lord Yin Shi, your intelligence seems to be lacking a few basic things, which isn’t like a genius at all –

“If you’re best at sword fighting, why are you the rector of Shufa Xuan...?” Bi Rou asked the question that Fan Tong was also puzzling over. Yin Shi paused, thought for a bit, and finally recalled the reason.

“Ah! It seems like it was because... Wei Shi said that he wanted the position, and I didn’t want to give it to him, so I defeated him, and then...”

After spending forever listening to you, I still can’t find anything good about you. And now, Lord Wei Shi has taken up the position of Wushu Xuan’s substitute rector. Why didn’t you take that position from him and work two jobs at once?

“Tsk, just bringing up that damn Wei Shi makes me angry, what a loathsome guy. If he found out about today’s affair, he would definitely be itching to make a fuss about it, hmph.” Saying that, Yin Shi became unhappy. In contrast, Ling Shi heaved a sigh and put in a sentence for Wei Shi.

“He really isn’t a bad person, it’s just that he firmly believes that what he’s doing is making the world a better place. He’s retarded, that’s all.”

It looked like Ling Shi was defending Wei Shi, but Fan Tong was speechless. *Lord Ling Shi, you’re so ruthless... Other people normally say “idiot,” “fool,” and other less demeaning insults. You said he wasn’t a bad person, but then you went ahead and used an utterly humiliating term like “retarded.” Are you sure you don’t feel any malice towards him?*

“Ling Shi, what are you saying? It’s too complicated, I don’t understand.”

“... You two retard make a good pair.”

“Hey! What? How could you say that I’m retarded?!”

Quickly finish plucking chicken feathers and stop making a fuss, really now!

Yiye, Ya Mei Die, and the surviving soldiers, who had left the scene first, began discussing matters in private once they’d reached a safe distance.

“Yiye, I couldn’t contact him, but when I used magic to try and detect him, it seemed like he’d already left this place.” Ya Mei Die was referring to their third companion, who had been separated from them by the Qing Ping Storm and hadn’t been seen since.

“How hateful, how dare he return before us...” Yiye thought of the person who had left him to continue this stupid feather-plucking mission with this idiot of a

companion and forced out his words through gritted teeth, fuming with anger. Of course, Yin Shi had broken their companion's arm, and afterwards his troops had urgently evacuated with him, but this was something they wouldn't know about.

"Ya Mei Die, that woman from a moment ago..."

"Which one?"

To this date, they still thought that Ling Shi was a woman.

When asked that question, Yiye's expression visibly dulled as he couldn't think of an answer.

"Can't you fix your habit of ignoring people's faces?" Ya Mei Die felt helpless. When Yiye looked at people, he never imprinted their appearances in his mind. Normally, he only paid attention to things like the trajectories of his opponents' swords and the path of the magic flow around them. As for people's bodies, he only noted their positions so he would know where to attack. Anything apart from this was nonexistent to him. When trying to distinguish between men and women with that kind of habit, Yiye could gain only a rough impression from his first glance.

"All right then, what did you want to say?" Seeing that Yiye wasn't going to speak, Ya Mei Die could only continue asking.

"..." Yiye remained silent, making Ya Mei Die feel even more helpless.

"Shouldn't you also fix your problem of quickly forgetting what you wanted to say when you are interrupted?"

That was just the way he was, he couldn't change it even if he wanted to. Having two of his weaknesses pointed out one after the other, Yiye was ashamed into anger. "I already remembered! That woman was very odd, she could speak the Western City's language..."

"What? Isn't Yin Shi a man?" Ya Mei Die felt that he must have heard something inconceivable, so he could not help interrupting Yiye. In his understanding, Yin Shi was the odd person who spoke the Western City's language; after all, when Bi Rou had spoken, he hadn't arrived yet.

“Which one was Yin Shi again?” Yiye had nearly lost his patience and was also a little confused.

“He showed up later. He was that black-haired man.”

Yiye did not remember at all who had black hair. However, he knew that the person he was referring to hadn’t appeared later. “It wasn’t someone who appeared later!”

“Can Ling Shi also speak the Western City’s language?”

“It’s not Ling Shi either!”

Yiye finally remembered that the opponent he had fought against was Ling Shi; not that he’d recognized Ling Shi, it was just that the sigil of Ling Shi’s restriction order, which only affected the Eastern City’s residents, was in the air, and its entire aura had originated from the opponent he’d been fighting.

“It seems like there was another woman, but she should be a New Resident, right? New Residents can all speak the Western City’s language, so why is it strange that she could?”

After Ya Mei Die had spoken, Yiye couldn’t think of anything to say for a while. What had been strange? The fact that she had yelled his name? But his soldiers had also yelled out his name, so it wouldn’t be strange if she had heard it. Yiye couldn’t recall what exactly had caught his attention. In fact, he couldn’t remember at all the words Bi Rou had spoken, as well as the beginning of that sentence she hadn’t finished.

“Don’t mind it anymore, we only have an hour left. We should hurry up...”

“What are we hurrying for?”

Hearing Yiye ask that question, Ya Mei Die’s face once again took on a confused expression. “Of course we should find out how to pluck enough chicken feathers to fill a pillow during the next hour. We can’t turn our backs on His Majesty’s trust!”

“...”

“This is our mission, don’t tell me you also forgot this?”

“...”

It was precisely because he hadn't forgotten that Yiye had nothing to say. At the same time, he really wanted to bestow a sword strike upon his companion's problematic head and send him to be reincarnated. Maybe in the next life, he would become normal.

"Just in case there really isn't enough time... Yiye, do you happen to be an expert in disguising yourself?"

"What are you asking me to do? What use would that be?"

"This is the backup plan: if there's not enough time to pluck enough chicken feathers for a pillow, at least one person needs to make an attempt to infiltrate Ye Zhi's city walls..."

Hearing this, Yiye thought that Ya Mei Die had turned into a different person. Ya Mei Die actually wanted to infiltrate the Eastern City and gather intelligence, or perhaps Englар had given him a secret mission. After Ya Mei Die finished speaking though, Yiye discovered that he had been wrong. "It doesn't matter whether you or I do it. If we infiltrate Ye Zhi and buy a pillow made of chicken feathers, we could also complete the mission that way!"

"..."

Infiltrating the Eastern City... just to buy a pillow? We'd even buy the pillow? We can't just steal it? What about currency? Do you have Ye Zhi's money? Don't tell me you're afraid of getting caught stealing and causing the knowledge of the Western City's Magic Sword Guard infiltrating Ye Zhi just to steal a pillow to spread throughout Ye Zhi, and then spread back to the Western City, causing the Magic Sword Guard to lose all prestige? If you even understand what humiliation is, you shouldn't be bringing up this kind of suggestion! Yiye stopped thinking before the thought "if we're really going to steal, why not take a few more pillows and make it ten?" reached his mind and firmly used his sheathed sword to knock out Ya Mei Die in one blow.

"Lord Yiye..." Seeing Yiye use violence against Ya Mei Die, the soldiers were stunned.

"Pick him up and carry him, we're going home," Yiye coldly ordered, and just like that, the farce of the Magic Sword Guard going to the Eastern City to pluck chicken feathers ended.

© Fan Tong's Afterword

Plucking chicken feathers to raise our rank was truly difficult. We had to surmount all sorts of difficulties, going through numerous twists and turns... I never expected plucking chicken feathers to lead to a life-threatening crisis, Zhu Sha changing genders, and Bi Rou and Lord Yin Shi breaking up... Eh, that didn't happen, I'm not cursing them either. Maybe having the curse for a long time has caused even sentences spoken in my mind to become abnormal, ahahaha.

After finding out many things, we encountered members of the Magic Sword Guard, who could be considered important people in Luo Yue. The short one almost beat Ling Shi, which is really difficult to imagine. I originally thought some harrowing conspiracy or conflict would occur, but they were actually just here to pluck chicken feathers. I heard that it was because their emperor wanted to make a pillow. I can only say, w-w-w-what a mess! Do you have cement for brains? What nonsense! There's something wrong with anyone who would dispatch strong fighters with gold threads to enemy territory just for a chicken feather pillow! He's abnormal, I say, what's up with this world!

However, for the Young Emperor of Luo Yue who killed three hundred thousand people, wanting a pillow doesn't really seem to be keeping with his image...? Maybe thinking of him as a bloody monster is my misunderstanding? It goes without saying that a person has many faces; I heard that the Young Emperor is still young, so maybe he's still childish...

After resolving our series of problems, we were on our way again, and when evening fell, we finally plucked enough chicken feathers. Lord Yin Shi's chicken-killing method was still very striking. Fortunately, he killed them very single-mindedly, not paying attention to the rest of us, so we did not need to suffer the shining assault of his and Bi Rou's love. Even so, after everything was finished, I did not feel deeply moved the moment I received the chicken feathers; instead, I felt lower back pain...

Starting tomorrow, I'll be a grass green tassel! I'll have a salary! Hahahaha! This is worthy of getting excited about, even though laughing right now is making my entire body hurt. But also, before this happens, I still have to find Luo

Shi and collect our chicken skins as well as resolve the problem with Zhu Sha...

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The term used here is 打情罵俏, which literally translates to “fight love curse beauty.” It refers to flirting with a woman by pretending to be displeased with her.

Fan Tong is making a pun here, since he uses the phrase 打爆, which begins with 打 like 打情罵俏 (translated as “flirting”).

“Yiye” sounds exactly like the Japanese word いいえ, which translates to “no” or “don’t.” So, his name literally means “no” in Japanese.

This name sounds like the Japanese “やめて,” which means “don’t,” “stop,” “not good,” etc.

The Year of the Chicken is one of the twelve years on the Chinese Zodiac. So, with all the chickens being hunted, the Year of the Chicken will be very unlucky.

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1. *seikyo* says:

[August 4, 2016 at 1:11 pm](#)

Why nobody noticed how much suspense there is in this chapter ? Fan Tong is supposed to regain a part of his memories each time he rise in rank. And we obviously know since the 1st chapter of volume 3 that there is something totally messed up with his memories (like the fact that he was persuaded to be an ordinary fortune-teller that was still alive even before Ling Shi did the weird thing that erase most memories) and in the next chapter, he will be a green tassel.
(Well, I could be totally wrong but.. I still expect something to happen)

[Reply](#)

- *Irid* says:

[September 12, 2016 at 8:17 am](#)

Yeah, I'm dying to know how an ordinary fortune teller would possess such amazing sword skills...

[Reply](#)



2. *Fiorenne* says:

[August 3, 2016 at 4:55 pm](#)

I'm super elated that you guys posted the whole chapter! Thank you for your hard work!

[Reply](#)

- *Jostena* says:

[August 8, 2016 at 11:59 pm](#)

I kind of agree with you though because i remember those things too and I'm expecting something good in the next chapter!

[Reply](#)



3. *hana* says:

[August 3, 2016 at 9:40 am](#)

omg its a whole chapter all at once!!!! aaaaaaaaaaaaaa Thank you so much for this!! Its still as funny as ever XDD Yamete and iiyada XDDDD

[Reply](#)



4.

Brass says:

[August 2, 2016 at 1:20 am](#)

A new chapter!

[Reply](#)

Chapter 4: Fragments of Memories

On September 1, 2016, Posted by [a giraffe](#) , In [Chen Yue Zhi Yao](#), By [chenyuezhiyao](#),[novels](#),[truestar](#) , With [15 Comments](#)

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“Congratulations, part of your memory will be unsealed for the first time. Are you excited?” – Luo Shi

“I’ve always thought that, in light of the general trend of my life, I would only be able to remember the last meal I ate and other such things...” – Fan Tong

The exhausting chicken-killing campaign finally came to an end. Originally, Fan Tong had thought they could all eat together afterwards, allowing him to get a free meal. Unfortunately, things didn’t go according to his wishes.

“It’s almost time for Ying to bathe, so I must return and make preparations” was what Ling Shi said. Being the Queen’s valet... should it really be considered an exhausting job?

“Ah, there’s still time. Xiao Rou, let’s find a place to go sightseeing” was what Yin Shi said. Maybe he had finally come to a realization and wanted a one-on-one date.

“All right~ anywhere is good~”

I don’t even need to tell you who said that. Of course, it was Bi Rou.

The people with the money went off to do their own things, so Fan Tong, Yue Tui, and Zhu Sha could only bid farewell to the two remaining cute girls and return to the dorm to eat public rations.

However, the first thing Fan Tong did when they returned to the dorm was not to eat, since he was never interested in eating public rations anyway. For him,

the first thing he wanted to sort out was the matter with Zhu Sha.

“Yue Tui, what’s going on with Zhu Sha?” Even though the other person was right beside him and the person he ought to ask was the person the question involved, Fan Tong never quite had the courage to talk to Zhu Sha, so he chose to ask Yue Tui instead.

Before Yue Tui could answer, Zhu Sha spoke up. “That’s what I should ask. What’s going on with you guys? Why are you both so strange?”

“Zhu Sha, was that woman from before really not you? Are you a guy or a girl?”

Since Zhu Sha had spoken up, Fan Tong was forced to talk to him instead. Fortunately, his first sentence was understandable.

“Where did this separation between girls and boys come from, all people have a male appearance and a female appearance from birth!”

Hearing Zhu Sha’s way of speaking, Fan Tong suddenly broke out in cold sweat. Because Zhu Sha was a serious person who never joked around, did this mean that the girl Yue Tui had said was Zhu Sha was actually Zhu Sha?

“Yue Tui said I’m the only one who can do this, the rest of you guys can’t, and it would be better not to let everyone know... why can’t you guys change genders?” Zhu Sha seemed unable to comprehend that there could be such a huge difference between members of the human race. Since such a long time had passed, Yue Tui had already had time to calm down and reflect on this matter, so he was able to explain his thoughts on it.

“Zhu Sha, New Residents originally came from various worlds, after all, and every world has its own distinguishing characteristics. The people of your world all have two genders, but that is probably a phenomenon found only in your world. None of us have that kind of ability.”

This sounded somewhat reasonable. Zhu Sha was silent, looking like he was trying to digest the theory, but Fan Tong still felt curious about his strange physiology.

“Can you change genders once so I can see? Without seeing it with my own eyes, it’s easy for me to doubt you.”

“It’s difficult for me to believe you” changed into “it’s easy for me to doubt you”... Forget it, the meaning stayed the same.

“Piece of cake. I am not like you, who always likes telling lies.”

It seemed that Zhu Sha was still deeply prejudiced against him, but Zhu Sha changed genders as soon as he’d answered. After a “*peng*” sound, he became shrouded in mist, as if by magic. After the mist dissipated, a beautiful young woman appeared before their eyes.

Wah! This isn’t a dream, right? He really changed into a woman! Upon closer inspection, “she” even has a great figure! Is it really appropriate for us to continue living with this roommate? Aren’t Yue Tui and I upstanding young men in our primes? Though, if a man actually tried to force himself on her, there’s the danger of her suddenly changing into a man and causing quite a shock... though, she really does have the kind of curvy figure that people would drool over...

“Why isn’t everyone like this? How do other people deal with this?” After Zhu Sha had changed genders, Fan Tong noted that his voice and way of speaking had also changed a little.

“Deal with what?”

“The problem of choosing a spouse!”

Hearing that, the other two were puzzled, unable to tell what the problem was.

“In my original world, everyone has a male appearance and a female appearance. When choosing a spouse, two people must find each other’s male and female appearances attractive. During courtship, they can become good friends with their spouse when they’re the same gender... But you people only have one gender! Then I can’t... I can’t...”

Then you can’t kill two birds with one stone, shoot two problems with one arrow, or accomplish two tasks at once, right? I understand. Ah, please don’t pay attention to the idioms I just used, that was just me saying whatever nonsense came to my mind. That being said, a man and a woman finding each other attractive is already difficult enough, but in your world you must approve

of each other's male and female appearances. Aren't the odds of finding a spouse in this case a tad too low?

"Even if Fan Tong can't change into a woman, it doesn't matter. I don't like him anyways, so I have no interest in his female appearance, but Yue Tui, why can't you change genders..."

Hey hey hey, enough is enough. Why are you picking on my body for no reason? I also don't want to fantasize about what I would look like as a woman at all, okay?... Eh? The sentence you said after that, what did it mean...?

"M-me?" Yue Tui tensed up. It seemed like he was unaccustomed to speaking with women.

"That's right, I think you are the ideal spouse. Your female appearance should also be great, but you unexpectedly only have one gender..."

Whoa, is this a confession? Took her long enough to get around to it. So Zhu Sha, are you interested in Yue Tui?

From an objective standpoint, it should be, "you unexpectedly have two genders," not "Yue Tui unexpectedly only has one gender," right?

"I-ideal p-p-partner?"

Yue Tui's frantic face was a sight to behold, and he even stuttered when he spoke. Fan Tong, the observer, thought it made a great scene, as this matter had nothing to do with him.

"That's right! I just thought that, after I saw your female appearance, I would ask if you wanted to date me, but it turned into this kind of situation..."

It didn't turn into this kind of situation – it was like this originally. Since things turned out this way, wouldn't it be fine if you just tried to fall in love with Yue Tui in both genders? I'm open-minded; even if you guys want to discuss this unconventional love, I won't look down on you.

"I..." It seemed that Yue Tui had never faced this kind of situation before. Most likely, no one of the opposite gender had ever so directly confessed that they wanted to date him, so he was completely out of his depth. He could only look at Fan Tong with pleading eyes.

Ahem, Yue Tui, even if you look at me like that, I can't help you. You're not going to say that you have never received any training for this kind of situation, so you don't know how to handle it, right? This isn't something a teacher can teach you, you have to learn and grow through experience. I believe you have the potential to.

Even if the first person to confess to you is a little unusual, I believe you can be strong and pull yourself together.

“Don’t tell me I have to act like two separate people? That’s too complicated...” Zhu Sha began grumbling to herself. It seemed that her thoughts were going in the direction of “finding a male lover for my female appearance, then finding a female lover for my male appearance.” Fan Tong didn’t think this was such a great idea.

In general, that's called cheating, isn't it? Plus it could also be mistaken for bisexuality. This kind of sandwich relationship... it already sounds outrageous in my head; it would be better if you don't pursue it. It's possible that your girlfriend would run up and slap Yue Tui, saying something like, “What a shameless man, you had the nerve to seduce my boyfriend”... Forget it, it's better not to think about that too much.

“You can put off this kind of thing until later. New Residents can live for a long time. Isn’t it more important to study now...” Yue Tui chose to persuade her to drop the subject. He seemed to have a tendency to escape facing things down.

“Yeah... It’s not wrong to say that this isn’t an urgent matter, studying is also important...” It seemed that Yue Tui had aroused Zhu Sha’s earnest passion for knowledge, and at long last, she decided to set aside her search for a spouse for now.

After that, they vowed to keep silent about the subject for Zhu Sha’s sake. After all, it was possible that Zhu Sha would no longer be able to room with them if her female appearance was discovered. As they got along decently and didn’t want to switch her out for another roommate, this matter ended up becoming their mutual secret.

Fuzhou communication charms were incredibly useful things. Although Fan

Tong had lost his own the day before, they could still use Yue Tui's.

Using the Fuzhou communication charm, they easily contacted Luo Shi and agreed to meet with him before school the next morning to turn in their chicken feathers and skins. If not for the Fuzhou communication charm, they really didn't know how they would find him. After all, Shen Wang Dian wasn't a place they could walk into as they pleased to casually look for their friend.

Luo Shi brought the materials he had been keeping safe for them as well as the replacement Fuzhou communication charm Ling Shi had made anew for Fan Tong. When he met them again at the dormitory gate, people once again cast them sidelong glances. However, Fan Tong did not feel uncomfortable like before; at most, he felt his back prickle from the stares.

"Yesterday, you all went together to kill chickens and pluck their feathers? That seems amusing..."

En route to the office, naturally Fan Tong couldn't avoid conversation. When Luo Shi spoke, his face unconsciously revealed a slightly envious expression. It seemed he regretted not being able to participate in their group activity.

It wasn't fun at all. Continuously chasing after Lord Yin Shi, who was running around killing animals, and bending over to pluck feathers completely tired me out. Furthermore, we even met people from Luo Yue, and because of your complete hatred for Luo Yue, you would have definitely caused a lot of trouble.

"Next time we get the chance, you can go with us," Yue Tui said in a friendly manner. Hearing that, Luo Shi avoided their eyes, revealing how thin-skinned he was.

"I don't necessarily have time for that! Anyway... anyway, if you want me to help, let me know beforehand, and if I have the time, I'll consider it."

I think that even if you did have something to do, you would put it off and come with us. No need to be so shy, really now.

"Is that so... What a pity. Luo Shi, you're very busy, right? If you could do something with us, it would be a lot of fun..." Yue Tui wasn't even the slightest bit aware that Luo Shi's words hadn't been sincere and continued the conversation like this. Luo Shi stiffened up as he was confronted with a face that

resembled Hui Shi's. After many seconds passed, he finally relented.

"Actually, I'm really not that busy... If you just let me know first, there won't be a problem... I also, I also want to go..." His last few words were barely audible. Fan Tong really didn't know why he was being so shy and reserved.

"That's great!" Yue Tui smiled brilliantly. In contrast, Luo Shi didn't know where to look and quickly turned his head away.

Obliviousness is truly a terrifying weakness as well as a terrifying natural weapon, Yue Tui.

"Fan Tong, did you not get enough sleep? You're staring into space..." Yue Tui asked, concerned.

Fan Tong forced a laugh. "Nothing's wrong, something's wrong."

"Is there something wrong or not..."

I also want to know. This goddamn curse.

The office where they would turn in their materials was located near Shen Wang Dian and seemed like a tranquil place. There was no one going in or out.

I get the feeling that they're not getting much business... Oh, comparing it to a business isn't fitting. In reality, they probably don't even get one person a week coming to raise their rank, so naturally it's pretty empty.

"You guys go in; I'll wait out here. Ling Shi should be waiting in there; I told him you were coming." Luo Shi's second sentence made them pause in confusion.

"...You didn't forget that a small part of your memory will be unsealed when you go up a rank, right?"

"Oh." Fan Tong's expression clearly showed that he had forgotten, while Yue Tui looked slightly surprised.

"Fan Tong, what's up with your expression, do you think forgetting isn't a big deal?"

Well, what's up with your resentful tone? Must I display an astonished expression? Or say something like, "Oooooh! That's right! There's something like this? I actually forgot"? This is not in line with my cool and intellectual

image.

“Because I don’t know what I remember anyways, it doesn’t matter if I forget.”

Don’t take my words and reverse them so that it seems like I’m in a drunken stupor, okay?

“You wanted to say... even if you remembered, you’d just forget again, so it doesn’t matter?” Luo Shi frowned as he tried to translate, already a little confused.

No! That’s not it! You got it wrong!

“I’m saying I don’t know what I didn’t forget anyways, so of course I care!”

“I don’t want to talk to you, it’s so tiring.”

Hey! Don’t do this, all right? People with language problems also have the right to speak!

“Forget it, it’ll be fine no matter what happens. Let’s leave, Yue Tui.”

“Oh, okay.” Yue Tui seemed like he had just come back to his senses after being lost in thought, so he gave a one-word response.

...Were you daydreaming? I said “let’s leave” instead of “let’s go,” and you still agreed?

Fortunately, his sentence was comparatively easy to understand, so after Luo Shi explained it to him, Yue Tui obediently followed him in.

Turning in their chicken feathers and chicken skins was a simple process. The person in charge identified them using the marks New Residents possessed and counted up the materials they’d brought. Afterwards, they were finally able to trade in their white tassels for brand-new grass-green tassels. This signified that they had reached a rank where they would earn a salary and that they were no longer classified as worthless people.

“Lord Ling Shi is waiting inside to lift the seal on your memories. You can go in now.”

Ling Shi was already there waiting for them, making Fan Tong feel like an honored guest.

Lifting the curtain that led to the inner room, they saw Ling Shi's beautiful figure sitting quietly in the middle of the room. He gave them a formal explanation after seeing them enter.

"I am responsible for sealing and unsealing people's memories, as you should already know. In other words, every time you rise in rank, you will come here to see me. However, you two saw me yesterday as well as today, so this shouldn't be a novel experience for you."

Indeed. We are already used to seeing important people now, uh, except for the Queen.

If Mi Zhong had all those chicken feathers and chicken skins, he would definitely take two trips to bring them in in order to see Ling Shi twice...

"Let's get this over with. Who's first?"

Fan Tong didn't really care who went first. When he looked towards Yue Tui to find out his opinion, Yue Tui somewhat hesitantly opened his mouth to speak.

"That is... Fan Tong can do it by himself. I don't want to go through with this."

Hearing such a direct refusal, Ling Shi and Fan Tong were both a little surprised.

"This is the first time I've heard of someone who doesn't want their memories unsealed... Why don't you want to?"

"Yeah, Yue Tui, why? I feel that giving up on this is profitable, and getting your memory back is still worse than not getting it back."

I'm saying that you'll lose out if you give up on recovering your memory, and getting your memory back is still better than not getting it back...

"I am satisfied with my life right now. I don't want things to change," Yue Tui answered, eyes half-lidded. This reason sounded rational, though a little conservative.

"I will respect everyone's choice. Since you don't want me to unseal your memory, I won't force you." Ling Shi agreed to his request, then looked towards Fan Tong. "How about you? If you also don't want to, that will save me some trouble, and I can just go home now."

...How come it sounds like you hope I'll also give up on recovering my memory? What, because my memory must be worthless, lifting the seal on it is wasting your time? Even though I feel that memories are the type of thing where forgetting them won't bother you at all, it's not like that, all right?

“You have to do it!”

Wah! What is this? This mistake is the kind that could make someone want to beat me to death!

After the curse twisted the words he had blurted out, Fan Tong felt far from good. Sure enough, Ling Shi's gaze immediately became several degrees cooler.

“Contrary to expectations, you're actually talking big. You're trying to order me around?”

“I, I, you were just too laid-back and spoke wrong...”

I'm saying that I was too nervous! Too nervous! Even though that's not the true reason... Is it necessary to explain my language barrier to Lord Ling Shi, whom I rarely encounter? Perhaps he wouldn't believe me either, like Zhu Sha...

“Fan Tong's mouth is sometimes disobedient. I think he only wants to express that he does want to recover his memory...” Yue Tui kindly helped him explain. Fan Tong looked at him with grateful eyes.

“This time, I won't bicker with you about it. If you run into Wei Shi, you'll want to drop this kind of bad habit.”

Even if I don't run into Lord Wei Shi, I also want to drop this bad habit. However, this isn't something I can change even though I want to... Auntie from back then, can't you remove your curse! It hasn't disappeared, even after all these years!

“Come over here, I'll remove part of the spell on your memory.”

Fan Tong complied and walked over to stand in front of Ling Shi, a little nervous as his imagination ran wild.

I don't know what technique is used to unseal memories. Is it Fuzhou or Shufa?

In fact, it doesn't matter if it's Fuzhou or Shufa. Although Lord Ling Shi is the

rector of Fuzhou Xuan, that doesn't mean his Shufa isn't strong. It's not necessary to have the person with the strongest Shufa abilities do this kind of thing, right?

Furthermore, suppose Yin Shi, Shufa Xuan's rector, has the strongest Shufa abilities. Letting him deal with matters related to people's memories would only make people feel even more uneasy. Perhaps he would throw memories into disarray while unsealing people's memories, causing utter chaos...

The procedure to unseal his memories was more or less the same as the procedure to seal them. Ling Shi gracefully moved his hand in a circle, causing a watermark-like seal to invade Fan Tong's mind. The spell immediately started to take effect.

It was as if the originally shut-off memories flowed out of an open gate. The entire process felt subtle; because he had originally forgotten those few things, he had to remember them once again, but he didn't know whether to let them batter his mind or to naturally accept them. All in all, these memories were originally his, and welcoming them as they returned wasn't something difficult.

Those memories slowly flowed out and emerged in his mind, trivial matters jumping around. Some were trifling matters about his daily life, some were things he had learned in the past; basically, his recovered memories were as he had thought they would be – insignificant matters. It seemed that whether he remembered them or not didn't make that much of a difference.

However, when he recalled his fortune-telling abilities, Fan Tong was startled for a moment. He'd remembered what his job was the entire time but hadn't remembered how to do it, yet he hadn't noticed at all that something was wrong. He'd lived like this for such a long time... This was just too tragic.

Ling Shi didn't restore his full memory, only the memories obtainable from rising two ranks. Because that amount wasn't very much, the memories were able to circle around his brain during the process, allowing him to thoroughly understand them. The unsealing process had almost reached its conclusion; afterwards, it would be his job to organize the incoherent memories that were a bit of a mess.

The light emitted by the spell gradually faded from his body, and just before it

faded completely, a final phrase flowed out from the nearly sealed memory gate, causing his eyes to widen.

That phrase echoed from some portion of his memory, but at that moment, the spell to unseal his memory lost effectiveness. The entire process ended there, but he found himself confused and puzzled. With no relevant memories to assist him, he was unable to analyze that final piece of memory that was so striking it caused him to ignore the voices of the other memories. What did it mean?

That phrase was actually quite short, just three words.

“Seal Chen Yue”...

Fan Tong couldn't understand it.

Why did that phrase appear in his mind?

What was its meaning? Its purpose?

“Fan Tong, what happened? Did you lose your soul when you went in there?”

Waiting outside, Luo Shi thought that Fan Tong seemed very strange as soon as he saw them come out. “Other people have their memories unsealed, but was your soul stolen instead? Hurry and wake up!”

Seeing that Fan Tong didn't respond, Luo Shi simply slapped him on the back of the head, making him sorrowfully cry out on the spot.

“That feels great! Why did you hit me?”

“...If I didn't know about your problematic mouth, I would truly believe you were a pervert.”

Eh? That's too excessive, your hateful mindset can hurt people!

“Just now, after the seal on Fan Tong's memory was lifted, he became a little absent-minded... I wonder, did he remember something important?” To date, the extent of Yue Tui's knowledge of Fan Tong's language barrier was that it was only to the degree of “he often speaks incorrectly.” After he finished speaking, Luo Shi looked disapprovingly at Fan Tong.

“Was it because your mouth made several girls reject you? Or did you suddenly remember that you have a fiancée from an ?”

Hey! Why are you so fixated on male-female relations in this situation! Don't tell me that you think I consider this the only important thing in life!

Despite being a little annoyed at the misunderstanding, he didn't intend to explain what was upsetting him; after all, he couldn't make heads or tails of it himself.

Perhaps he could discuss it with Yue Tui when they returned home? Two heads were always better than one, and Yue Tui should be quite good at keeping secrets, right? As he thought that, Fan Tong's head subconsciously turned towards Yue Tui, and he was startled by what he saw.

“Yue Tui! Today, your is white. Your luck is very good, and many good things are possible!”

S-slow down, I'm saying his yintang is black... Ah! How hateful! How can he avoid calamity? Will the seal on my memory not let me recall it?

“Nn? So it's like this?...” Yue Tui didn't seem to pay much attention to Fan Tong's words; after all, the definition of “good things” was far too vague, so he had no idea what it really meant.

“Yue Tui, Fan Tong, after class today, let's meet again at the school's gate.”

“...?”

“To celebrate your promotion, I'll treat you to a meal.”

Oooh! So there's this kind of “good thing”!

Oh no... This won't do. When I heard there would be good food, I got all worked up. Generally speaking, I'm very cool and intellectual, cough, cough cough cough cough.

“All right, thank you for your kindness.” Yue Tui agreed for both of them. In any case, anyone could tell Fan Tong really wanted to go just by looking at his expression.

“Then you guys should go to class. I'll leave first.”

Naturally they knew the way to school, so they parted ways with Luo Shi there and began walking to their destination.

After they returned to the lively main road, people all around them cast unfriendly gazes towards Yue Tui's Western appearance. Like usual, Fan Tong and Yue Tui pretended not to see them; normally, people only glared and talked about them behind their backs. Today, however, the situation was different.

When they were midway to their destination, many people suddenly showed up to block their path. From their expressions, Fan Tong and Yue Tui could tell these people harbored malicious intent.

W-what is this fuss about? Ordinarily, aren't their actions only as bad as purposely bumping into us on the road? Except last time's robbery was more serious... But right now, we don't have anything worth stealing?

Furthermore, and it's not me who said this, the faces of you gents make you look like the type who'll never become anyone important. I get the feeling that you'll be nobodies for your entire lives, so even if you have some impressive-sounding name, other people won't remember it... But even if that's the case, don't give in to despair and abandon your lives! Turning into third-rate bullies is unlikely to help your futures! Go take a look at your reflections in the mirror right now and realize how unattractive you would look on camera!

"Excuse me... Is there something wrong?" The people in front of them clearly would not let them pass, so Yue Tui hesitantly spoke to them, maintaining a tone of basic courtesy.

Have you guys truly not realized that by standing here, you're only serving as plain scenery to enhance Yue Tui's handsomeness? Even if you successfully gang up on someone, no girls would blush and squeal for you, so I'd like to trouble you to move. We have to get to school.

Hearing Yue Tui's question, the person who stood at the very front of the five or six people, seeming quite determined, held his tassel out towards Yue Tui.

"I request a duel."

After hearing those words, Yue Tui widened his eyes slightly. Fan Tong's eyes widened even more, both of them skeptical about whether they had heard

wrong.

Upon closer inspection, all of these people hold either white tassels or pale green tassels... So they're planning to beat Yue Tui, then "fairly" snatch away the results of his efforts, making him drop back down to a white tassel?

However, isn't there an error in your scheme? Did you think that we could only ascend a rank because Lord Yin Shi took care of us and brought us out to kill chickens and pluck their feathers, and that in reality we have no strength of our own? ...All right, maybe I don't have any strength, but have you talked to the people who are Yue Tui's classmates in Wushu Xuan and asked them if they know how they were defeated? You are only members of the two lowest ranks, after all, what reason do you have to believe that you have any odds of success? Don't tell me it's because Yue Tui looks like he's ?

"Duel? Me?" Yue Tui seemed to think that this was inconceivable. In other words, he simply had never anticipated that his kind of thing would happen in his lifetime, so he couldn't help asking for confirmation.

Right, it's you, hurry up! Show them what you're made of! How do you say it in English... "?" But I don't know if Yue Tui understands English... However, regardless of whether or not he understands it, my low level of English is useless...

"That's right. Too scared to accept? If you refuse, you'll directly drop down a rank."

"..." Yue Tui's brows furrowed. He wasn't too fond of the current situation.

"If you're afraid, then refuse. It will save you the hundred strings of another rebirth!"

As that person spoke, the group started laughing. Seeing this kind of arrogant manner, Fan Tong could not help whispering in Yue Tui's ear.

"Yue Tui, slowly deal with him. We'll be early for school!"

I'm trying to tell you to immediately make him look bad and just kill him quickly... It will conveniently give the crowds a show of your strength.

"I know."

You know? W-what do you know? Are you certain you understood what I said?

“I accept your challenge. We’ll begin the moment your tassel comes into contact with my hand.” Yue Tui looked serenely at the hunk in front of him and extended his hand, fair-skinned palm facing upward.

The other person casually placed his tassel in the outstretched hand. A split second later, before he could even make a move or assume a fighting stance, there was a sudden “whoosh” sound followed by a muffled thump. Practically no one had seen anything, but the challenger had fallen over with his eyes wide open, unconscious.

This situation naturally caused an uproar. Fan Tong had seen a vague flash of shadow earlier, which should have been Yue Tui’s hand moving at an abnormally high speed as he struck his opponent on the head, knocking him down. This kind of rapid dispatch was indeed at an unmatchable speed.

“Who’s next?” Yue Tui tossed the tassel in his hand onto the person’s body, then looked at the others obstructing the road with a smile that wasn’t quite a smile.

Because their comrade had been knocked down too quickly, they had yet to react. After they had finally made sense of what had happened, another person, enraged by Yue Tui’s leisurely manner, walked up to stand in front of him.

“That was nothing more than you catching him off guard! What’s so extraordinary about it?”

“There’s nothing extraordinary about it.” Yue Tui responded indifferently, extending his hand. “You also want to try?”

That person angrily seized his tassel and, seeming to find a greater distance between them more advantageous, tossed it to Yue Tui from afar. The distance did not prevent Yue Tui from catching it, and he reached out his left hand to grab the tassel that was flying through the air. A split second after the tassel met his hand, his shadow flickered again, and the challenger fell to the ground once more with a thump.

Yue Tui was still standing in his original place, as if he hadn’t moved at all.

“Anyone else?”

The remaining few people displayed fear and incredulousness, and the watching crowd began discussing the situation profusely.

Oh, Yue Tui, this is all wrong, you don't know how to play around. If you want to stir up the atmosphere, you need to make timely concessions: for example, announcing that you'll allow the next challenger to attack first, that you'll give the one after that ten seconds to attack, or that you won't move your hands. Only if you create more and more disadvantageous situations for yourself will you be able to entice people to continue challenging you. Isn't there no show to watch like this? If you use this method that is too fast to be seen to dispose of them, no one will be able to see what really happened, so they won't be deeply convinced of your strength...

Seems like it was me who wanted you to quickly dispose of them, but compared to this kind of fun, what does it matter if we're late to class—

“Tsk! We won't forget this!” Even though the villains were about to depart, they still had to leave behind some fierce words in order to demonstrate that they hadn't lost too badly. In any case, their public provocation ended like this. Fan Tong was a little disappointed; after all, an opportunity to hide behind his friend and watch that friend teach people a lesson was hard to come by. He didn't need to exert himself and could just happily watch the show.

“How come no one came to duel you? That group of people must be blind...”

The sudden sentence caused Fan Tong, puzzled, to look for its source. He then realized that it was his mop causing mischief... no, speaking.

No one coming to duel me is a bad thing? Don't tell me you want to show off your abilities that much? Do you really believe that I know how to wield a mop under ordinary circumstances?

There were people nearby, so Fan Tong didn't want to answer Puhahaha, since it would look like he was talking to a mop. That scene would be all too embarrassing.

“How boring, I'm going back to sleep...”

No one asked you to wake up, mister. Such a self-important weapon, where

did you get this arrogance from...

After getting through the morning's flavorless Shufa class, at Yue Tui's suggestion, Fan Tong finally decided that he would attend the Wushu hands-on combat class again with Yue Tui.

In fact, if not for his own small desire to go, Yue Tui couldn't have persuaded Fan Tong to, even if Yue Tui talked until his mouth bled. The reason he wanted to try Wushu again was that, in addition to the matter where he'd previously used Puhahaha to kill people, he had also experienced a setback with Fuzhou.

That being said, he truly had no other option. He was completely hopeless in Shufa, and his mouth kept him from using Fuzhou. Because of these reasons, he had no choice but to carefully consider whether to pick up Wushu again, a subject he had previously dropped. Honestly, he still didn't think he possessed any natural talent with regards to Wushu, but for his future, he had to force himself to try a subject he didn't like. No matter how he thought about it, he still felt miserable.

The experiences from the last two days already made him wonder whether or not his memory had issues. Although it wasn't a very deep feeling, this lack of trust in his memory felt wrong. It would be best if he could get all his memories back at once.

Of course, that was impossible. Ling Shi could not make an exception for him and let him cheat the system. It was said that, if a New Resident wanted to unseal all of their memories, they had to ascend to the rank of a pure black tassel – simply put, no matter what they did, they would never completely recover their memories. In the Eastern City, the only two people with pure black tassels were the Queen and Yin Shi, so it seemed that, for an ordinary citizen like him, ascending to the rank of a pure black tassel was just wishful thinking.

Even though he had no hope of ascending to the rank of a pure black tassel in his lifetime, looking for ways to increase his strength was still important.

The main reason Yue Tui hadn't dragged him to Wushu hands-on combat class until today was that Tractor Teacher had taken a leave of absence for quite a while, only starting to teach again today. Furthermore, Tractor Teacher clearly did not welcome Fan Tong and Yue Tui, who had come to join on the first day

class started, and made a face as soon as he saw them.

“Student, you are in the wrong class. Switch to a different one, okay?” He directed his words at Yue Tui. He evidently didn’t fancy having this troublesome student whom he couldn’t control in his class.

After all, this teacher’s hobby is bullying students, especially new ones, so it’s inevitable that he would consider Yue Tui a thorn in his side.

However, every time Fan Tong saw him, he really wanted to ask, “Teacher, while on the road, how come you’ve never been hacked to death by a former student who’s become strong? Or do none of your students have any future prospects?”

When Tractor Teacher showed an unwelcoming manner towards him, Yue Tui looked at Fan Tong, then shook his head. “Teacher, I want to attend class with Fan Tong.”

He probably wanted to go to class with Fan Tong because he wouldn’t feel at ease

if Fan Tong went to Wushu hands-on combat class by himself.

After Yue Tui spoke, Fan Tong felt the nearby students look over with somewhat contemptuous gazes. It was probably a look that meant, “you found someone to support you, hmm? Shameless.”

“Oh, student Fan Tong, you need another person to protect you that much? You don’t have the courage to come to Wushu hands-on combat class on your own?” Tractor Teacher immediately ridiculed him, and, completely lacking any sense of shame, Fan Tong shook his head.

“I don’t.” This time, the curse didn’t act up, but he didn’t know if he should tell it “good work.”

Of course I don’t have the courage to come to this class on my own. I don’t want to increase my debt again; Teacher, you simply don’t understand the problem. All right, being afraid of pain and death is part of human nature, so even if there’s no need to worry about money, I still wouldn’t enjoy dying. Although it’s impossible to become a bigwig without going through pain and suffering, I think that you, Tractor Teacher, will inflict unreasonable and

unnecessary suffering on us purely for your own joy.

“You unexpectedly admitted it. Don’t you have any of the courage a man should possess?”

Oh... This is a serious question. Once you bring up the courage a man should possess, the situation seems to become much more serious. Let me carefully think about my reply for a bit.

“Unbelievable, you still need time to think about your answer?”

What’s up with this, you won’t even allow me some quiet to decide on the general direction of my life? Not everyone’s path is that clear-cut, okay?

“Fan Tong’s virtuous character should not be squandered on enduring unreasonable treatment,” Yue Tui said unhappily, seeming dissatisfied with Tractor Teacher’s aggressive question. “Thank you, Teacher, for your recommendation. I believe there really is nothing that I could learn in your class. Fan Tong, let’s go.”

Hmm? Huh? What? Go? This soon?

Fan Tong meekly followed Yue Tui and left, unable to make heads or tails of the situation.

“Yue Tui, you didn’t say, are we going to class?”

Let me translate: Yue Tui, I say, are we not going to class?

“I’m sorry, it was me who urged you to come, but in the end...” Yue Tui apologized with a regretful look on his face. Fan Tong wanted to say that he didn’t blame Yue Tui at all, but he honestly didn’t know how to say it so that the other person would understand.

“Fan Tong, I think there must be many other ways for you to strengthen your Wushu skills, so let’s not go to that teacher’s class again. If there’s really no way, I also know a little about the subject, so perhaps I could teach you.”

You’re calling that “only knowing a little”? Aren’t you being excessively modest? I would be satisfied to have one tenth of your skill!

Having Yue Tui teach him Wushu actually seemed like a pretty good suggestion; it was just that he didn’t know if Yue Tui had any teaching skills. Last

time, Yue Tui could not explain pure imagination clearly...

The most important thing is, does Yue Tui know how my mop should be used?

“Since you have a self-aware weapon, nurturing a good relationship and mutual understanding is important, as doing so can greatly increase your battle strength. Try to interact with your weapon more, at least until you can use your thoughts to communicate with each other. It’s a good weapon.”

Yue Tui told him this with good intentions, but when he heard Yue Tui praising Puhahaha, Fan Tong felt out of sorts. *How would you know whether it's a good weapon? Do you know that it sleeps all day long, and when its master encounters danger, it tells him to commit suicide? What are your criteria for good weapons? High price?*

“I don’t think it has any bad points...” *Damn it, the curse changed my words into praise for Puhahaha once again.*

“You also like your weapon? That’s good.”

I have no idea how to reply to that.

“Yue Tui, can I try out your weapon?” He finally managed to put forward a normal-sounding request. Yue Tui was equipped with what Yin Shi had traded for his “broken knife” – a similarly broken weapon, but to Fan Tong its design was much more attractive. At least it was normal.

“You want to try it out? There’s no reason you can’t, but I don’t think you’ll like it...” As Yue Tui spoke, he took the knife out and handed it to Fan Tong.

Fan Tong happily extended his hand to grab it, but when Yue Tui released the knife, Fan Tong’s expression immediately became ashen. The knife fell to the ground with a clattering sound, as Fan Tong was unable to hold it.

How much does this weigh? People are supposed to hold this? Yue Tui, you ordinarily carry such a heavy thing with you and can even brandish it in battle? Are you even human?

“Broken weapons are all heavy, so I said you wouldn’t like it.” Yue Tui picked the sword up from the ground, slowly explaining, and Fan Tong’s mood became even gloomier.

It seemed that, aside from the mop that had reluctantly formed a contract with him, he really had no other options...

Once school was dismissed, they met up with Luo Shi in front of the gate as planned, then followed him towards their destination... However, the direction they were going in was a little strange. Midway there, Fan Tong couldn't help speaking up.

"Luo Shi, is the restaurant not near Shen Wang Dian?"

"I'm too lazy to figure out what you originally wanted to say. We're currently going to Shen Wang Dian."

After Luo Shi answered, Fan Tong and Yue Tui both exclaimed, "Eh?"

"There's no need to go to Shen Wang Dian to treat us to food, right..." Yue Tui seemed to be of the same mind as Fan Tong – neither wanted to go near that establishment, which was too far above their social status.

"That's right! Although eating at home will waste more money, what will we do if we run into Lord Wei Shi?"

Fan Tong felt that if his own home provided food, then eating out was wasting money, but it seemed that it wasn't the same for princes.

"This isn't my idea! Originally, I also wanted to go to a restaurant, but Yin Shi found out and absolutely insisted on butting in. How could I take him out to make a disgrace of himself! We talked and talked, and finally I just said that we'll go eat at Yin Shi's pavilion," Luo Shi answered, sounding flustered. It seemed that he also felt quite angry over things turning out like this.

A disgrace, huh... This is truly a big problem. If we got a private room, no one would be able to watch him make a fool of himself, right? Or is he the kind of awful customer who will look at the menu and then tell the server, "Give me the minced pork rice, but without minced pork"?

"You listen to Lord Ling Shi that much, huh? It's not like he's Lord Yin Shi..."

...Wait a moment, what did I say? What on earth is going on with this curse? Is Lord Yin Shi the antonym of Lord Ling Shi? Just how are those terms related?

Why not Lord Wei Shi?

“I still don’t understand what you’re saying.” Luo Shi had become impatient with Fan Tong’s incoherent words, so Luo Shi simply explained himself. “In any case, whenever that senseless guy Yin Shi doesn’t have anything to do, he loves to butt into other people’s business, so he nagged at me for two hours. I was truly pestered beyond endurance and was forced to go along with his idea.”

Two hours... Wow, a full two hours, Lord Yin Shi is truly senseless... I mean, persistent!

“He also insisted that I tell you to remember to bring your mop.” Luo Shi looked at Fan Tong’s waist. “You brought your mop with you? That’s good.”

“...”

Fan Tong was not happy. Whether it’s a mop or a horsetail whisk, it’s clearly unremarkable and unworthy of mention, so why was it more important than its master...

After arriving at Shen Wang Dian, they directly walked over to the third palace. This time, they didn’t encounter any obstructions on the way there, so before they knew it, the entrance to Yin Shi’s pavilion was right in front of them.

Ah, ah, everyone says that the first time you go somewhere, it’s new, but the second time you go, it has already become familiar. Sure enough, I don’t feel as nervous coming here the second time. However, even though the palace feels familiar, that doesn’t mean I’ve become a mighty person who has anything to do with the palace, so my feelings are really complicated...

I remember when I practiced Feng Shui for people in the past. However, I currently can’t remember how to practice it, so even though I was thinking of appraising the palace, I can’t. Having my memories locked away feels so horrible...

“Xiao Luo Shi, you’re here –” Yin Shi greeted them from the entrance with a brilliant smile. It looked like he had already waited there for a long time.

With so much free time, why didn’t you go find your Xiao Rou to play?

“Yin Shi, don’t wear that armor again, okay?” Luo Shi looked as if he had the

urge to roll his eyes when he saw Yin Shi. The latter adopted an innocent expression, touching the armor he was wearing.

“It doesn’t look good? Xiao Rou says I look handsome in it...”

Stop mentioning Xiao Rou every three sentences. Xiao Rou said you look handsome, Xiao Luo Shi thinks you look idiotic, whose opinion will you listen to?

“Forget it, forget it, it’s not important at all. Lead the way.”

“Okay, okay, come with me.”

Leading them in, Yin Shi walked in front of them, probably intending to bring them to the same hall as last time. He opened the door, crossed the doorway, and very naturally walked in, but as soon as Yue Tui tried to follow him in, the situation unexpectedly changed.

A flash of gold light coming from all sides passed through Yue Tui’s body, so quickly no one had time to react. Before everyone else had time to cry out or shriek, Yue Tui had already limply collapsed, not breathing.

Aaaaah! Yue Tui! Yue Tui! Wake up! It’s murder –

Fan Tong, alarmed, wanted to crouch down to examine Yue Tui, but Luo Shi deftly pulled him away.

“Idiot! The defensive mechanism hasn’t been removed yet. Do you want to go over there and die together with him!”

What? Defensive mechanism? No wonder this scene is so familiar, isn’t this the same thing that I lost my life to last time? I just wasn’t paying attention, that’s all, of course I don’t want to die together with him. I don’t have the money, reasons, or passion to be that sentimental...

That’s not the important thing! Lord Yin Shi, what kind of murderous haunted house do you have here! You better compensate Yue Tui for his life!

I was just saying that his black yin tang couldn’t lead to anything good! However, not every person with a black yin tang will encounter a disaster and die, right? Yue Tui, why are you particularly unlucky? Could it be that you’ve spent too much time with me and thus became unfortunate?

“Yin Shi! Why can you never be careful! Don’t forget the defensive

mechanism's existence just because you are this house's owner and aren't affected by it!"

Luo Shi's anger was apparent from his roar. Yin Shi actually wore a fearful expression for once, as if he knew he'd done something wrong, and he seemed not to know what to do.

"Ah, I forgot..."

Can you return a human to life just by saying "I forgot"?

...All right, maybe you can with New Residents. Think carefully and you'll find that, even though Yue Tui encountered an unimaginable disaster, when all is said and done, he can still be reborn. This is truly great fortune in the midst of misfortune. Yin Shi, with your forgetful habits, you better not invite your Xiao Rou here to play, in order to avoid an irreversible tragedy.

"Fan Tong, come on, let's go to the pond to retrieve him."

"Okay."

"Ah, I'll also go with you..."

In the end, they hadn't even started eating their celebratory meal before the atmosphere was ruined, and they even had to do before-meal labor.

Should I say, sure enough, this is Lord Yin Shi's style?

"You must remunerate him! This time it's your fault, you must remunerate him!"

They were on the boat, and Yue Tui still hadn't appeared yet, so Luo Shi firstly quarreled with Yin Shi about the problem of remuneration.

"I know, I'll take responsibility..."

Take what responsibility? This phrasing is misleading. Do you want to take responsibility by looking after him for the rest of his life?

"How are you going to take responsibility?"



Luo Shi didn't suggest a remuneration plan. He was waiting for Yin Shi to say it himself as a test of his sincerity.

"I can cover the cost of a new body for him. Afterwards, if he's still angry, I think... I should let him stab me once with a knife, but no more than that. I am unable to trade a life for a life, since I wouldn't be reborn..."

Tsk tsk tsk. When compensating someone, isn't money the most important thing? If you have money, it's easy to negotiate, and that nonsense about stabbing would be unnecessary. Paying him three thousand strings of money should be enough, don't you think?

"Who wants to stab you! Use something tangible as compensation!"

Sigh – When I accidentally died, you probably weren't this proactive about getting Lord Yin Shi to compensate me, right, Luo Shi? Humans would die if they constantly compared themselves with one another...

"Ah, Xiao Luo Shi, you're saying I should just compensate him with money? But if I use money to resolve the matter, it seems very, very, very, that's, wouldn't it give people the wrong impression? That's what I've heard recently."

Who told you that? Although using money to resolve everything is rude and even makes you seem rich and overbearing, money is exactly what we need, so you don't need to mind that nonsense!

"I better wait until we pick up Yue Tui and get his opinion, but we don't know where he'll regenerate..."

Actually, Yue Tui's swimming abilities were pretty good, so there was no need to worry about being too late to save him from drowning. They brought the small boat to a stop in the middle of the pond, watching the surrounding water for signs of activity. When New Residents were reborn, they more or less took the same amount of time to regenerate, so Fan Tong knew from experience about how much time it would take for Yue Tui to appear.

They'd already prepared a net and clothes, two essential items that they knew to have ready from last time's experience. When it was almost time for Yue Tui to revive, they searched the water's surface with increased vigilance. However, it

seemed that Yue Tui had seen the boat's shadow first from underwater. When they noticed the boat shaking, they looked over and saw Yue Tui's hands grabbing the side of the boat, his head sticking out of the water.

"Ah! Xiao Yue! You're okay, aren't you!"

It'd be good to directly pull him onto the boat, which will omit the hassle of fishing for him with the net.

"I'm fine..." Yue Tui held onto the side of the boat and decided that the weight of the three people on the boat was enough to counterbalance him. He exerted strength to pull himself up.

"Yue Tui, clothes..." Fan Tong was originally about to hand the clothes to Yue Tui, but after he saw the condition of Yue Tui's body, his voice caught in his throat. It wasn't only Fan Tong; Luo Shi and Ling Shi were also dumbfounded.

Noticing their gazes, Yue Tui looked down to see what was wrong with his body. After one glance, his face became deathly pale, and he pulled on the clothes as quickly as possible to cover up his body, not even paying attention to whether he was putting them on right.

"What was that? Why do you have..." The first to recover his voice was Luo Shi, who was clearly unable to understand why the recently reborn Yue Tui had those injuries.

"It seems that every once in a while, the pond makes a mistake, and after rebirth, New Residents will bear the marks of their first death..." Yin Shi explained. Yue Tui pursed his lips tightly.

Fan Tong recalled the wounds he had seen, and in his mind Yue Tui's description of his first death surfaced:

'The first blade, cut me from here, to the side of my stomach.

'The second blade, stabbed through here.

'The third sliced off my two legs. He then used the sword and pierced the palm of my right hand, nailing me to the floor.

"He then clenched my neck with his two hands, squeezing it tighter, inch by inch..."

At that time, just hearing a description had already caused him to feel the cruelty and the terror. However, he had seen the evidence of the marks left behind just now: the huge, slanted cut across Yue Tui's body, the holes where his chest and right hand had been run through, the cuts from where his hamstrings had been severed, and the imprints on his neck... The remaining marks might have been the results of struggling. Seeing these wounds with his own eyes, Fan Tong truly didn't know what to say, or if seeing these marks again would make Yue Tui recall the scene of his death. What would Yue Tui be feeling now?

At least to Fan Tong, Yue Tui looked like he was about to cry.

It was just like a time of vulnerability from Yue Tui's past that he was unwilling to disclose had inadvertently been seen by others – like the memories he had, with great difficulty, set aside had been unearthed without warning, causing a shock... In short, he didn't look good, neither his body nor his soul.

"Yue Tui, are you in pain? W-with your injuries like this..."

If the pond occasionally made a mistake, did that mean that this time's rebirth was a failure? That being the case, wouldn't it be better to be reborn again for a normal body?

"..." Yue Tui looked towards Fan Tong after hearing his name, but he didn't seem to have clearly heard what the latter had said. He appeared to have no desire to speak at all.

"Ah, this kind of abnormal situation should disappear after about a day. After that, your body will go back to normal. It's possible that this problem arose because of psychological factors. Although the wounds exist, they won't cause you any pain or affect you, so you can still move around normally..." Yin Shi explained again.

It looked like the injuries wouldn't make Yue Tui die again, but this fact still couldn't make Fan Tong feel happy. Yin Shi said that these wounds wouldn't hurt Yue Tui or affect him, but Fan Tong believed that Yue Tui was in a lot of pain. These wounds didn't have to trigger a nerve response. Their very existence was enough to trigger pain.

Because Yue Tui hadn't spoken, no one knew what to say. This didn't seem like the right time to discuss who was to blame, but they couldn't find a way to

comfort him. Blood from the wounds had already seeped through the clothes draped haphazardly over him. The bloodstains kept spreading, as if the memories were suffusing him with more and more darkness.

“Yue Tui, I’m sorry you had to experience this kind of thing...” Although it was Yin Shi’s carelessness that was at fault, Luo Shi still couldn’t help apologizing. He always felt that he shared some of the blame.

“...” Yue Tui remained silent again, but this time, he heard Luo Shi’s words. He forced his stiff face into a smile with much difficulty but said words that still made them feel sad. “It’s fine. I’m perfectly fine. You didn’t go in first, which is truly a good thing.”

Luo Shi was a Natural Resident. If he had gone in first today, a life would really have been lost. The surprising fact that Yue Tui was still thinking about this kind of thing in this situation, however, caused Luo Shi to lapse into silence as well.

“Should we go back and eat? Or... Xiao Yue, do you want to go back to the dorm to rest? If you sleep uneasily in the dormitory, coming to stay at my place is also fine...”

Aaaaaah – although I really want to eat a lavish meal, in this kind of situation, the mood isn’t right! Lord Yin Shi –

“I want to calm down a bit. If I return now, I might scare Zhu Sha. Lord Yin Shi, could I trouble you to accommodate me for the night?”

...Yue Tui, you unexpectedly picked the option that I feel is the most unlikely; you’re really strange... Furthermore, don’t adopt this calm appearance again that’s so calm it’s like no one’s inside. You seem very difficult to get close to like this, really difficult...

“Isn’t going to Yin Shi’s place too dangerous? He can’t even remember whether the defense mechanism has been removed or not! Wouldn’t it be better to stay at my place?”

What’s this? Are you fighting over him? Can I also stay over? After all, I’ve never stayed at a palace before; it’d be a novel experience...

“Both are fine; I’ll have to trouble you.” Yue Tui didn’t have an opinion. That pair of previously clear sky-blue eyes now looked considerably dull.

In the end, they returned together to Shen Wang Dian, ate a haphazard meal, and decided to stay over at Luo Shi's pavilion.

As he'd just gone through unexpected psychological torment, Yue Tui looked as if he wanted to retire early. He dimmed the lights and lay down in bed. When asked why he didn't just put out the lights, he shook his head and only said that he didn't like the dark.

"Yue Tui, are you not going to sleep?" Because he was worried about Yue Tui, Fan Tong also stayed over. In any case, there was no shortage of rooms in Luo Shi's pavilion, and Luo Shi didn't mind an additional person.

"...I'm worried about dreaming." After a long pause, Yue Tui gave that answer, astonishing Fan Tong.

How come? On the whole, I quite look forward to dreaming. Normally, dreamland is very fascinating! Although there's a chance I'll have nightmares, it's not a very high chance... If I have a lot of interesting dreams, but you only have nightmares, then why do I completely fail at pure imagination?

"It's not okay; if you scream in the middle of the night, roll out of bed, or talk in your sleep, I will definitely ridicule you."

I was saying that I... bah, this curse has no conscience; it won't even let me comfort a traumatized person.

"...Last time when you snored, giggled, and fell out of the top bunk, I didn't ridicule you," Yue Tui said morosely. When reminded of past disgrace, Fan Tong immediately wanted to dig a hole in the ground to hide.

"Anyway, sleep and everything will be over; resting properly is also better for your body. We can go back tomorrow." This time, the curse finally didn't prank him, allowing him to finish speaking properly, which was truly gratifying.

"Go back?... Which place is the one I should go back to?" Yue Tui suddenly said. Fan Tong was unable to understand what he was thinking.

"Wherever is fine; anyway, I'll accompany you."

So, you don't need to be afraid of Zhu Sha, although I certainly am.

"You'll accompany me?" From Yue Tui's tone, it sounded like he was trying to

confirm a different matter entirely. Although Fan Tong didn't really understand, he still nodded his head.

"Is that so? That's really great..."

Fan Tong still didn't understand what was his "great" actually meant, but Yue Tui had finally smiled, and it looked like he was in a better mood. Since this really was something to be happy about, Fan Tong cheered up as well.

Thus, they said good night to each other and let the night pass them by, along with the sleep that came after their eyes closed.

◎ Fan Tong's Afterword

It feels like my life has become a huge, jumbled mess, and everything has become complicated.

First, there's the gap in my memory. The fact that I've begun to recall my money-making ability is pretty good, but that "seal Chen Yue," what's that about? What seal? Chen Yue is that highly revered place, and it's the mechanism that maintains the New Residents' lives, right? This is telling me to commit suicide, isn't it?

Then, there's the matter with Yue Tui. Who on earth could be that cruel, to use such a heavy-handed method to deal with such a kindhearted child? Exactly what happened to him? I'm getting more and more worried; I wonder if I could ask about it?

After I left Yue Tui's room, Luo Shi came to find me, asking about Yue Tui's wounds. I wrote down everything that I had heard about the cause of Yue Tui's death for him; he looked quite sad, but basically, anyone with even a little bit of empathy would feel sad, right?

Anyway, Yue Tui has rebuilt his mental state before... This time, maybe there won't be any problems?

Before we said good night, at least he revealed a happy smile, making me feel relieved. I think I probably said something that he wanted to hear...

As a result of this accident, I didn't have an opportunity to discuss the gap in

my memory with Yue Tui. I originally wanted to ask him if he had any views or insights on the phrase “seal Chen Yue.”

Also, I suddenly became afraid of finding out how I originally died.

What if I die once and, because my rebirth is a failure, I accidentally find out from my body's condition why I died in my original world? What would I do then?

By all means, don't let me have died in a stupid way! That will leave a shadow over my heart! If I died in a stupid way, I don't want to know! I'm begging you!

I hope that tomorrow morning, when I wake up, everything will be restored to normal.

And... I also hope that, after we didn't return for the night, Zhu Sha won't think I stole his sweetheart and throw a tantrum...

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Translator: Saviesa

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The phrase used here is **指腹為婚** (zhi fu wei hun), which is when parents arrange a marriage for their daughter while she is pregnant with child.

The yintang is the spot between the eyebrows. In traditional Chinese medicine, a yintang that looks unhealthy (black) could signify lung disease, digestive disorders, or cerebral vascular disease. Black yintangs are also viewed to signify misfortunes.

弱不禁風 (ruo bu jin feng), an idiom meaning fragile

Fan Tong literally translates his Chinese sentence, “Show them what you’re made of,” word-for-word into English.

← [Chapter 3: Misunderstandings Can Still be Peacefully Resolved](#)

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15 Comments so far:



1. *hana* says:

[October 7, 2016 at 11:32 am](#)

Ugh I wanna protect Yue Tue my precious baby ; 7 ;
ANd Im sure he feels really happy with Fan Tong words because he probably
had a dark past in which he was very lonely not to mentioned betrayed.
When Fan Tong said that, he probably felt that he isnt alone anymore sops
Fan Tong you should give him a hug

[Reply](#)



2. *Amiric* says:

[October 2, 2016 at 4:14 pm](#)

Thanks for the chapter.

The last conversation between Yue Tui and Fan Tong was kinda bittersweet.

[Reply](#)



3. *teckie* says:

[October 1, 2016 at 11:27 pm](#)

omg, so he'll ridicule him hahahahah

and i kinda want to see zhu sha throwing a tantrum over yue tui!! xD

it was an awesome chapter, with a picture, even! as always, thank you!

[Reply](#)



4. *Amiric* says:

[September 16, 2016 at 1:39 pm](#)

I do believe Yue Tui is a Natural Resident. So I don't think he's going to die?

[Reply](#)

- *seikyo* says:

[September 16, 2016 at 4:30 pm](#)

they have luo shi with them. I think they'll notice before 8hours pass..

[Reply](#)

- *Ton* says:

[September 17, 2016 at 1:57 pm](#)

But he originally woke up in the pond.

[Reply](#)

-

seikyo says:

[September 17, 2016 at 6:15 pm](#)

he said “is that Ye Zhi ?” and new residents don’t spawn the first time in the pond. They first come somewhere outside the cities

[Reply](#)

5.



Ton says:

[September 3, 2016 at 1:20 pm](#)

Poor idiots. Even if they didn’t know yue tui is strong they should know that fang tong and yue tui are close with the big shots.

I am really interested in seeing more of fan tong’s fortune telling.

[Reply](#)



teckie says:

6.

[September 2, 2016 at 12:17 pm](#)

Woohooo!! A whole chapter!! :D and it was awesome, thank you!!

Now it's a bit clearer why fan tkng is our MC. He's not just unlucky, he also has a horribly difficult task ahead xD

[Reply](#)

- *Nannyn* says:

[September 3, 2016 at 5:09 am](#)

This is actually only 43% of the chapter. We'll post the next part another time. KSM chapters usually end with Fan Tong's afterword, so if you don't see that, the chapter's not complete. :)

[Reply](#)



- *teckie* says:

[October 1, 2016 at 11:30 pm](#)

oooh I noticed afterwards!! XD like, when there was the previous update and I felt stupid XD

still, thank you~

[Reply](#)



7.

- sergioGM* says:

[September 2, 2016 at 7:08 am](#)

thanks :)

[Reply](#)



8.

- Ed Burger* says:

[September 2, 2016 at 2:55 am](#)

Just knowing deadly sword style (deadly enough to cut using a mo-... feather dus-... horse-hair whisk) wasn't enough. The author just had to add another layer of mystery on rice bucket's identity.

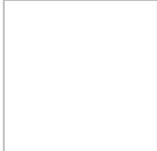
[Reply](#)

- *Irid* says:

[September 12, 2016 at 8:23 am](#)

Yeahhh it's so strange! Why would Fan Tong have any memories about Chen Yue, unless in his past life he was a Natural Resident...? Is that even possible for Natural Residents to be reborn as New Residents? I would think not, or else Natural Residents' lives would not be valued so much...

[Reply](#)

-  *seikyo* says:

[September 16, 2016 at 4:50 pm](#)

not all people from other universes respawn. Chen Yue particularly grab people with strong obsessions. The weird fact is that Fan Tong don't look like a westerner, so he was from Ye Zhi, and yet no one seems to remember him even though he had wonderful swords abilities and a weird speech. And he described Ye Zhi's civilization as an ancient and prehistoric one that didn't knew about satellites. But it's true that his curse look like he got touched by a soul purging weapon

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